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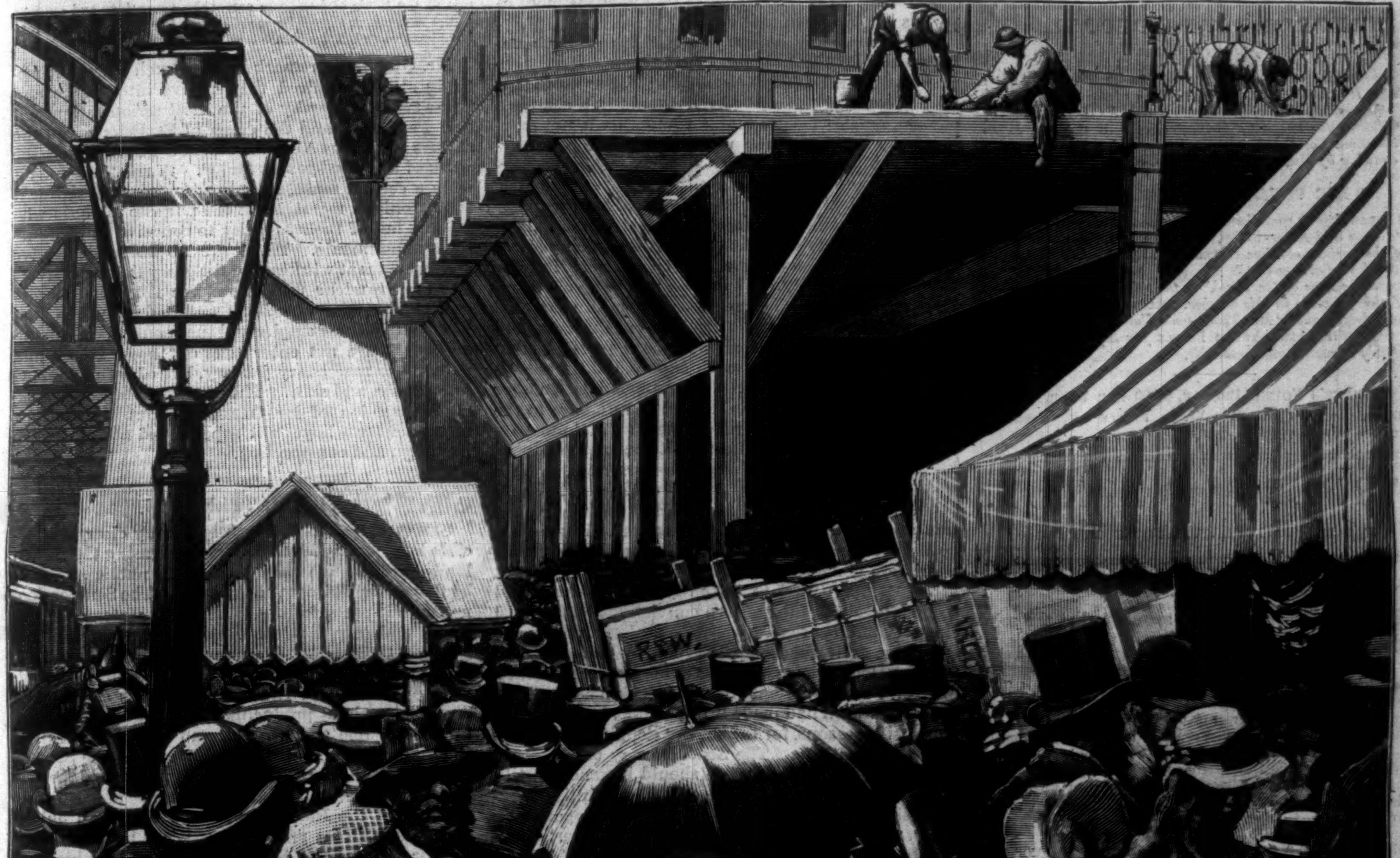

THE JAM AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE.—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.—[See Page 571.]

FRAUD.

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HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE,

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

The opening illustration in the current number is entitled "Close Friends." It is handsomely engraved after a photograph.

The other principal illustrations are a page by G. T. REINHART, *called "Waiting for Father"; an illustration by* H. B. FARNY *to the second installment of* MR. STODDARD'S *new serial, "Two Arrows"; and a drawing by* MRS. JESSIE SHEPHERD, *inspired by a poem entitled*

"THE CHILD TO THE SEA-SHELL."

MISS SARAH COOPER *contributes an interesting and instructive article on "Clams and Razor-Fishes," and* MRS. LUCY C. LILLIE *recalls some of the curious old-time customs of English school life in an article entitled "Barring-Out."*

"Annely, the Rose of the Tyrol," is the title of a story the First Part of which is given in this number. ALLAN FORMAN *has a short humorous sketch, called "Mr. Thompson's Umbrella."*

The issue of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE *for September 1 will be particularly attractive and seasonable.*

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 29, 1885.

UNDER EITHER KING.

THE Milwaukee *Sentinel*, in arguing that the sole hope of civil service reform lies in the Republican party, says that

"no concession has ever been made by a party to a sentiment held by elements outside the organization, and none ever will be. No popular sentiment will ever grow up when advanced by an organization which antagonizes other sentiments justly dear to men. A case in point is the experience of the Prohibitionists. Wherever they have antagonized the parties they have failed to accomplish anything. It is only where they have worked within the party lines, as in Kansas and Iowa and Maine and Georgia, that they have secured legislation."

It is undoubtedly a question whether a party ever really achieves any great object but that for which it was formed, and it is this doubt which makes it very uncertain whether either the Republican or the Democratic party will effect a thorough reform of the civil service. The *Sentinel* seems to forget, however, that if no party ever adopts an outside measure, such a measure may shake the party to pieces. The Whig party would not make concessions to the antislavery sentiment both within and without its ranks, and the Whig party consequently disappeared. The Whig argument, which was that of the *Sentinel*, that the only chance for antislavery reform lay in the Whig organization, did not hold the most determined antislavery men in the party, because they were primarily bent upon an antislavery policy, and the conduct of the party did not satisfy them that it was really antislavery. Yet, after the defeat of CLAY in 1844, if the Whig party had heartily adopted the "sentiment held by elements outside its organization," it would have gloriously survived.

Now the civil service reformers to-day are of two kinds—those who believe that the reform can be accomplished by one of the existing parties, and those who doubt it. The latter are those who regard reform as the most important of present questions, and who vote for party candidates according to the fidelity of those candidates to reform. The former believe that the party to which they are attached is more friendly to reform than the other party, and are therefore content to drift with it. Thus Senator ARKELL, of New York, who is a Republican, says that the Republicans claim the name of civil service reformers honestly and the Democrats hypocritically, and that AQUILA JONES is a representative Democrat upon this subject. Yet Senator ARKELL knows that the Republicans in Pennsylvania have just nominated Colonel MATTHEW QUAY as their representative man, and that Colonel MATTHEW QUAY is the same kind of civil service reformer as Mr. AQUILA JONES. If it be hypocritical for a Democratic President to appoint JONES and yet claim to be seeking reform, how is it honest for a Republican Convention to nominate QUAY and make the same claim? The reformers who see, what is undeniable, that reform is not the policy of either party, and who await events, are not blind to the fact that there is a strong reform sentiment in the Republican party, and a less powerful one in the Democratic party. But that does not persuade them that the only hope of reform is in the Republican party, because they see that the reform sentiment does not control the party action. The antislavery sentiment was stronger in the Whig party than in the Democratic. But the Whig party never became, nor would have become, an antislavery party. It is true that the Democratic is not a reform party, but it is also true that the Democratic President has strong reform convictions, and that his course produces angry division in his party, and one of two results is evidently possible: either the President may prove that a Democratic administration is practically as much and as truly a reform administration as that of any Republican President, or his course may effect a breach in his party, in which event, and in the existing political situation, what would be more probable than a re-adjustment of parties largely upon that issue?

The Democratic press, with signal exceptions, notably in the Southern States, is openly or covertly opposed to the President's course, and either holds that he is wronging the party by not making a complete change, or else asserts that although he is not moving fast enough, he will nevertheless sweep out every Republican before many months. This is a spirit which the President will either resist successfully or he will yield to it. If he resists, and his party sustains him, it will have shown as good credentials to be a reform party as the Republican party has shown. If he yields, his own fame will be sullied. But the result, as apparently showing the weakness of the reform sentiment, would undoubtedly confirm the hold of Republican leaders who are hostile to reform, and in that case the conclusion would be unavoidable that thorough reform is not to be expected of parties organized for other objects and animated by another spirit. In discussing this subject in reference to the election of last year, however, the *Sentinel* must remember that the Republican bolt was not produced by the question of civil service reform, but by that of the personal fitness of the candidate. Had any other of the candidates been selected at Chicago, the organized bolt would not have occurred. But having bolted the nomination, the independent Republicans, who were generally interested in reform, supported Mr. CLEVELAND, first, to make their bolt effective, and second, because of his reform convictions and proved sincerity and courage. The *Sentinel* can not argue, therefore, as if the bolt were due to the conclusion that the Democratic party was a more hopeful agency of reform than the Republican. It took place because the Convention had made it impossible, for other and conclusive reasons, for the bolting Republicans to support the candidate. The *Sentinel* may be very sure that if the Republican party should become heartily and wholly a party of reform, as it was an antislavery-extension party, it would be as cordially supported by those who hold reform to be the most important of immediate issues as the Republican party of '56 and '60 was supported by antislavery men.

THE GRANT MONUMENT.

THERE are several obvious reasons why the subscription for the GRANT monument languishes. There is a general feeling of doubt whether, after all, Riverside Park will be the final burial-place, and there is an unwillingness to give money for the erection of a work which may be monstrous and unworthy. Moreover, experience shows that Americans are always slow to testify their honor and respect for famous American persons and events in that way. The Bunker Hill monument, the WASHINGTON monument, the LONGFELLOW memorial, the BARTHOLDI statue, are all examples of this kind of carelessness, and the absence from Central Park of a statue of WASHINGTON IRVING or JOHN JAY illustrates the same kind of indifference. In the present case there is the general dissatisfaction with what is felt to be the appropriation by a city with which he was in no manner identified, of the remains of a national hero. GRANT'S service was especially that of promoting the patriotic reunion of the country, and his monument therefore fitly belongs to the national city, the capital of the reunited States.

It is now evident that no general popular or national contribution is likely to be made for the erection of a monument in New York, and consequently the city, upon the proposition of her official authorities, having received the trust of the grave, should provide adequately for the memorial. Whether by private subscription or by public appropriation, a fitting monument of GRANT should be erected by the people of the city of New York, and even if the final burial of the body should take place elsewhere, the monument would properly mark the spot of the temporary sepulture, while it attested the respect and gratitude of the city. Other cities intend to raise monuments and statues, and since New York is taunted with having built no worthy memorial of the war, she may well do her part in a becoming monument to its great soldier, even if his body should rest elsewhere. There is, in fact, no reason why the New York memorial to GRANT, whatever it may be, should depend upon the place of his final burial.

If a statue or monument should be the form selected, its site is, of course, already determined. It would be built in Riverside Park, and the precise spot, and the general landscape treatment, should be in accord with the suggestions of Mr. FREDERICK LAW OLMSTED, whose opinion was asked by President CRIMMINS of the Department of Public Parks. Mr. OLMSTED says:

"It should be within a ground obviously set apart, if not consecrated, to this special purpose. The ground should be separated in a distinct way from all adjoining ground. It should not be an incident of a festive promenade. It should have a distinctly solemn aspect. It is not impossible that the two purposes—the festive and the funereal purpose—may both be successfully carried out on Claremont, but the problem is one that calls for something more than native intelligence and horse sense. To determine the extent of the monument ground, to so arrange its boundaries as to secure the necessary amplitude without overmuch curtailing the space required for the adjoining promenade, to devise its distinctive treatment, is now a matter of primary importance. The position of the tomb, and to some extent the dimensions and outlines of the monument, should be secondary to it. It should therefore have immediate but deliberate and mature study."

Mr. OLMSTED'S remark that for such a work something else is required than native intelligence and horse sense is worthy of the most serious attention. The Parthenon and the dome of St. Peter's, and the statues of Marcus Aurelius and of the Medici, were the work of a trained genius for art. A great monument is, in a certain sense, a dangerous undertaking, for it is not only a memorial of the purpose of those who raise it, but of their capacity to conceive and execute great monuments. There are no more impressive and permanent witnesses of the glory that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome than the temples and statues, the aqueducts and public works, that have outlived the empire and the republic. Such undertakings are not enterprises of "horse sense" and political or mercenary jobbery, but of trained knowledge, taste, and skill. The same good sense that asked the opinion of Mr. OLMSTED about the site of a monument we hope will superintend at every step its design and construction.

THE CATTLE MEN.

SENATOR DAWES has written a very clear and forcible letter exposing the wrongs of leasing the Indian lands, which have been brought to public attention by Governor MCCOOK, of Colorado. The Senator does not permit party feeling to affect his statements, and he says plainly that "the late administration of the Interior Department is as much responsible for the present demoralized and deplorable condition of affairs on the leased Indian reservations as if it had directly set about producing it. That Department is the responsible author of it, and its files are full of the evidence." And with equal candor the Senator says that he has great faith in the purpose of the present Administration to undertake a wise and equitable solution of the Indian problem, which has troubled and baffled all its predecessors. The Senator's faith is thus far justified by the firmness with which the President has resisted the pressure of the cattle men.

The law puts the Indians and their lands under the control of the Interior Department. It makes all contracts with Indians void unless approved by the Secretary, and requires all money derived from the use of their lands to be paid into the Treasury, to be appropriated by Congress for their benefit. But the late Secretary practically neglected his duty. He said to the cattle men that while the Department had no authority under the law to ratify leases, yet that there was nothing illegal in them, and the Department thought them advantageous to the Indians. The Secretary, therefore, permitted, but would not approve. The cattle men tempted the Indians to lease their lands by offering to pay the rent, not into the Treasury for their benefit as Congress might decide, but personally and *per capita* to the Indians themselves. The result has been that the Cheyennes and the Arrapahoes have been practically barbarized again, and from a peaceful society have been changed into a demoralized and dangerous community. The consequences of overrunning the Indian lands by the cattle men, in Senator DAWES'S opinion, have but one alleviation, and that is the fact that they must hasten the action of the United States in settling the Indian question. The cattle men must be forced to pay a just rental, to be devoted by law to help the Indian to help himself in civilized ways. He must be planted upon his own homestead, and governed by the same laws with the rest of us, and the lands that he does not need must be sold to actual settlers as soon as may be.

While we are considering the Indian problem it is interesting to watch its treatment in Canada. It was the good sense of the Canadian policy which first drew General GRANT'S attention to the subject, and led to his humane endeavors. Mr. PLUMB, of the Canadian Senate, has recently made a very interesting speech upon the proposition to extend the franchise to certain Indians. Mr. PLUMB gives a graphic and detailed account of the condition of the descendants of the Six Nations in Canada, who are industrious and orderly and prosperous citizens, and he cites a report made to the British House of Commons as

far back as 1839 recommending that "to all the Indians residing within the boundaries of our provinces the fullest and most complete participation in the rights of British subjects should be distinctly and unreservedly granted, and means should be taken to make them promptly aware of the fact, as well as of the value of the boon and of the mode of taking advantage of it." In this country public opinion is ready for the general policy advocated by Senator DAWES, and which we trust may become the policy of the Administration.

AT THE NEW YORK CUSTOM-HOUSE.

WHEN the Collector and Surveyor of New York were appointed by the President, although they were not generally known, and the Surveyor was the secretary of the political association known as the County Democracy, the friends of reform, understanding the peculiar difficulties of the President's position, even if they might have preferred other selections, did not doubt the President's good faith toward reform, while the fact that the spoils politicians who sought the places were not appointed, the plain declarations of the newly appointed officers of adhesion to the reformed system, and the restoration of the former Naval Officer, one of the most practical reformers and best officers in the country—all showed a satisfactory and promising change in the traditions of Custom-house management under both parties.

Recent events in the Custom-house, however, naturally excite distrust. They are hardly consonant with sincere belief in the reformed system, nor with a desire of cordial co-operation with the Civil Service Commission and the Board of Examiners. The sympathy and purpose of officers in the position of the Collector and Surveyor are shown less by flagrant and deliberate violations of the law than by plausible evasions of it, and conduct intended to obstruct and thwart its successful operation. The action of the Surveyor in regard to the gauger who had passed an examination and had been appointed upon probation was extraordinary. The rules of the President under the law provide that after the examination is passed, the appointment of the selected competitor "shall be for the probationary period of six months, at the end of which time, if the capacity and conduct of the person appointed have been found satisfactory, the probationer shall be absolutely appointed or employed." This plainly intends capacity and conduct as shown by the probation. But the Surveyor interprets it to authorize a further examination after the prescribed examination and probation, which further examination is finally to determine the appointment, so that after a satisfactory examination and probation of six months, which the law declares shall be followed by appointment, the appointment is, after all, to depend upon an answer to a few impromptu questions of the Surveyor. This is palpably a view which has no warrant in the law, and which may be easily abused to the defeat of the purpose of the law. Under the circumstances, the presumptive object of such a course is not reform or the benefit of the service. It would seem that if the object at the Custom-house were simply to enforce the law in its own spirit and not to obtain some kind of party advantage, its affairs would proceed as tranquilly and with as little friction or disturbance as at the Post-office, where the sole object is efficient and satisfactory public service.

The course of events at the Custom-house in regard to the fair enforcement of the law, and any efforts that may be made practically to annul and evade it, in order to re-invigorate the abuses that the law is designed to correct, and to make the Custom-house a Democratic machine, will be watched by perfectly intelligent eyes, and exposed most plainly and widely to public attention. When the New York appointments were made we said, "We have no doubt whatever that should the Collector, as the tool of Mr. THOMPSON, or Mr. MANNING, or Mr. WHITNEY, or for his own purposes, attempt to use for political and partisan objects such patronage as he may command, he would be promptly called to account by the President." That is still our view; and as Mr. THOMPSON is a very active Democratic politician who believes in the spoils system, and is supposed to be politically influential at the Custom-house, it may be added very safely that no candidate for Governor whom he should warmly favor would be considered more friendly to reform than Mr. THOMPSON himself.

A LESSON FOR THE DAY.

AN article in HARPER'S MAGAZINE for September, called *Impressions of the South*, by CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER, is well worthy the attention of all who wish to see how that part of the country appears to a singularly sagacious and judicious observer. Mr. WARNER is a characteristic Northern man, and a Republican in politics, but he is fortunately not a politician in the ordinary sense, and he has no interest whatever in misrepresenting the situation that he found in the Gulf States.

The first thing that struck him was the strong national Union feeling. The war is over in spirit as well as in deed, and the theory of the Southern States which regards them as the Confederacy of the war waiting only for the opportunity of vengeance upon the government and the Union is, in Mr. WARNER'S view, ludicrously unfounded. He found no more exclusive devotion to politics and interest in the offices than in the Northern States; and it is a striking fact, which has become plainer since Mr. WARNER'S visit, that the most thorough and radical Democratic advocacy of reform is in Southern journals.

As for the colored citizens, he says that the South is quite as much perplexed as the North with the problem of the negro. But one thing may be considered settled. The Southern communities will not again tolerate such Legislatures as those of Louisiana and South Carolina a few years since, as such Legislatures would not be tolerated in Ohio or in Connecticut. There is generally a feeling of good-will toward the colored people, and Mr. WARNER thinks that with industrial as well as ordinary schools, and time, and the necessity of the case, the political and social question will settle itself. He acknowledges the magnitude of the task, "the most difficult now anywhere visible in human progress." It is to be accomplished by the States concerned, and they are to be aided by the interest and sympathy of good citizens everywhere. Mr. WARNER'S article, which will be widely read, is a public service.

PASSENGERS' LUGGAGE.

THERE are differences of opinion concerning the wisdom of Secretary MANNING'S order discontinuing the landing of baggage at the Barge Office. There is no objection heard, however, to the order permitting the forwarding of baggage by express to any one of the principal ports of entry in the United States and Canada without undergoing examination at New York. In many cases this change will enable returning tourists to reach their homes a day earlier than would otherwise be possible. The public convenience has been so little consulted heretofore in the rulings of the Treasury that this departure is all the more gratifying.

A CONSTITUTIONAL LAW.

THE New York *Sun* raises the question of the constitutionality of the reform law, and asks:

"There is a question which we should very much like to have answered by those advocates of so-called civil service reform who seek to compel the appointing powers of the Federal government to resort to competitive examination as a method of deciding who shall be appointed to office. Where do they find in the Constitution of the United States any warrant or authority for the sweeping and radical change they propose to make?"

The Springfield *Republican* answers:

"The question above asked might be answered by asking another. Where does the *Sun* find in the Constitution of the United States any warrant or authority for the sweeping and radical change in all the offices which it proposes to make and demands to have made? The Civil Service Act rests clearly enough upon the power conferred upon Congress by this clause of the Constitution: 'But the Congress may by law vest the appointment of such inferior officers as they think proper in the President alone, in the courts of law, or in the heads of departments.' The Congress which thus has constitutional warrant for authorizing the Collector or Surveyor of the port of New York to appoint clerks, subject to the approval of the head of the department, has equal warrant for requiring that no person shall be thus appointed who has not passed certain tests and served a certain probationary period. The *Sun's* constitutional question has not a ghost of a basis, and it has not succeeded in drawing out an argument unfavorable to the constitutionality of the civil act from a single lawyer who was willing to put his name to an opinion to that effect. The *Sun* is about ten years behind the times on this question."

The question was one of the first which presented itself to the Board of Inquiry appointed by President GRANT fourteen years ago. It was presented to the Attorney-General, and he gave a careful opinion to the President, in which he said:

"Though the appointing power alone can designate an individual for an office, either Congress by direct legislation, or the President by authority derived from Congress, can prescribe qualifications, and require that the designation shall be made out of a class of persons ascertained by proper tests to have those qualifications, and it is not necessary that the judges in the tests should be chosen by the appointing power. Attorney-General LEGARE has given an opinion upon a question similar in principle. Discussing the subject of appointment of inspectors of customs by the Secretary of the Treasury, he considers that it would be a fair constitutional exercise of the power of Congress to require that the Secretary should make an appointment out of a certain number of nominees proposed by the Collector."

The Civil Service Act of January 16, 1883, was considered in the Senate, and supported by Mr. EDMUNDS and the best constitutional lawyers in that body. Its principle is simple and not new, and it is not likely to be disturbed upon any constitutional ground. There will be undoubtedly a strong disposition among some members of the House to amend it in a way to restore the old abuses. But no amendment which affected its real efficiency would pass the Senate or escape the Executive veto.

PERSONAL.

FROM the *Commercial Advertiser*: "MR. THURE DE THULSTRUP, the well-known artist whose illustrations are appearing in HARPER'S WEEKLY, is a stalwart Swede, a gallant soldier, and a clever painter, who stands six feet in his stockings, weighs about two hundred pounds, and looks as though he had never been sick. Like most men who have not left their country for their country's good, he is devotedly attached to his father-land, besides being an officer in its regular army. He understands the horse, and is a dashing cavalryman. His studio abounds in material for picturesque and truthful delineation of military subjects. His instincts are chivalric; he cares some for things not Japanese and olive green, and is so modest as to see much more in many of his rivals' pictures than ordinary mortals can. His best illustrations—such as 'General Grant on Horseback,' which was published in HARPER'S WEEKLY two or three weeks ago—have great *verve*, and show the painter's quality. The immense cartoon published in that journal last week, and entitled 'General Grant's Funeral,' was the most comprehensive, spirited, and truthful delineation of such an event ever produced for an illustrated periodical. It was drawn directly on the block, and not less than twenty-one wood-engravers used their burins on it."

—Mr. FREDERIC HARRISON and some seventy of his Positivist friends recently made a pilgrimage to SHAKSPEARE'S home. In the old HATHAWAY cottage the excellent dame, who is of the HATHAWAY family, showed them the names of MARY ANDERSON and EDWIN BOOTH in the visitors' book. The party rewarded her by going out into the garden and singing several old ditties suitable to the time and place. They then proceeded to the poet's house, and recalled Mr. WILLIAM BLACK'S *Judith Shakespeare*, as they saw her name written with a strange mark between Christian and surname, and the appended information that JUDITH was "a markswoman."

—The committee appointed to erect the monument at Bennington, Vermont, have had the sense to take counsel of artists. Their plan is to apply to modern shaft-building the principles of art, and to erect something better than a mere pile of stones, like the Washington Monument or the Bunker Hill Monument. If they persist in this purpose they will earn the thanks of their fellow-citizens.

—One of the latest estimates of HENRY IRVING presents him as "our present GARRICK," but, irrespective of the coincidence that IRVING is his own stage-manager, the phrase is a mere generality of little significance. It is as true of many other prominent actors.

—Mr. LABOUCHERE: "VICTOR HUGO preached that French military settlers in Algeria should be encouraged, for the benefit of posterity, to marry Arab and Kabyle women, and he often instanced DUMAS *père*, EMILIE AMBRÉ, and RICHEPIN as happy fruits of such marriages. RICHEPIN'S father was an army surgeon, and his mother a child of the desert. Arabs and Moors, according to VICTOR HUGO, are handsomer in Africa than Europeans, because the soil suits them, and they harmonize with their surroundings."

—M. ÉMILE RICHEBOURG is writing a continued story for the *Petit Journal* of Paris. It will run six months, and for it he will receive $10,000. The circulation of that newspaper is 800,000 daily, and its editor claims that its continued stories, or *feuilletons*, have mainly contributed to its popularity. They are remarkable for nothing, he says, so much as the absence of improprieties, and he intimates that M. ZOLA and "the various disgusting writers" write less for the French people than for the immodest of other nations.

—The Neapolitans venerate a variety of saints, but in the popular imagination (says a recent writer) Santa Anna, the mother of the Virgin, is the embodiment of all that is sweetest and noblest in motherhood. The Virgin is a girl, clad in all the grace and loveliness of maidenhood, but too great to be troubled with their little affairs. But the oldest fisherman can go to Santa Anna as he used to go to his mother, and tell her his troubles, and confess his faults, and ask for forgiveness, with the certainty that she will not be too busy with washing, cleaning, or cooking to listen to him, as his own mother sometimes was. The recent burning of the Church of Santa Anna at Naples will leave a blank in the religious and social life of the humbler Neapolitans, especially of the fishermen.

—Commander SCHLEY'S description of the finding of Lieutenant GREELY in the arctic regions on the 22d of June, 1884: "On his hands and knees in the tent was a dark man with a long, matted beard, in a dirty and tattered dressing-gown, with a little red skull-cap on his head, and brilliant, staring eyes. As Lieutenant COLWELL appeared, he raised himself a little, and put on a pair of eye-glasses. 'Who are you?' asked COLWELL. The man made no answer, staring at him vacantly. 'Who are you?' again. One of the men near him spoke up, 'That's the major—Major GREELY.' COLWELL crawled in and took him by the hand, saying, 'GREELY, is this you?' 'Yes,' said GREELY, in a faint, broken voice, hesitating and shuffling with his words—'yes—seven of us left—here we are—dying—like men. Did what I came to do—beat the best record.' Then he fell back exhausted."

—After some delay, the memorial to the British soldier General GORDON has taken the form of a Boys' Home, where fifty lads will be prepared for civil employment or for service in the army, navy, or mercantile marine, and will be taught to carry into life the lessons to be drawn from GORDON'S distinguished career. The scheme for a memorial to General GRANT has not yet taken shape. The GORDON fund is $120,000, with prospects of much more.

—M. OLIVIER PAIN is a marvel of mystery and ubiquity. Last winter he was supposed to be the chief civic counsellor of the Mahdi, and it was while he was figuring as such in the cable dispatches that HARPER'S WEEKLY published his portrait in the number for February 28. Now it is alleged that he has worked his way from the Soudan to Cochin China, and thence to the Russian lines in Toorkistan, and finally that he has been caught by the English and executed as a Russian spy. There is really no evidence of his death, although it appears so probable to M. HENRI ROCHEFORT that he is clamoring to have Lord LYONS, the English Minister in Paris, mobbed, as an appropriate resentment of the outrage.

—The King of Dahomey is the head of the church of cannibalism, and he recently sent an army of ten-thousand men into the French protectorate of Porto Novo to carry off a thousand victims to be sacrificed on the altars of his faith. Cannibalism nowadays survives only in religious rites.

—Lines from *Punch* on the late Sir MOSES MONTEFIORE:

"Is life worth living? To the querulous cry
Let this long record, lately closed, reply.
A century of service to mankind!
Pessimist cold and cynic blandly blind,
'Tis fitter comment on that query stale
Than sneers that pall and arguments that fail.
Long in the land his days, whose heart and hand
All high and human causes could command.
Long in the land his memory will abide,
His country's treasure and his people's pride."

—A cordial welcome awaits Archdeacon FARRAR, who will sail for this country on the 3d of September. He is one of the greatest pulpit orators of the day, a progressive theologian, a master of English prose, and a gentleman of unusual social gifts. His noble eulogy of General GRANT in Westminster Abbey has already endeared him to the American nation. That ancient house of worship, in which kings and queens lie mouldering, never before echoed so appreciative an exposition of the principles of republican government.

—The renomination of Governor HOADLY by the Democrats of Ohio is taken by the press as evidence that the Governor has picked his course very warily among the pitfalls of Democratic politics in Ohio. He was almost a political novice when he was elected two years ago, and he has contrived to administer his office without losing the support of either of the bitter factions into which the Democracy of the State is divided. Governor HOADLY'S portrait was given in the WEEKLY for October 20, 1883.

—Four British opinions on General GRANT: London *Daily News*.—"England honors the American whom all Americans honor when she pays a tribute to the memory of General GRANT." London *Daily Chronicle*.—"Now that he has passed away forever, his memory will not be the less precious to his countrymen because, like WELLINGTON, he was not equally great in the senate and in the field." Manchester *Guardian*.—"It is because he represents the hard-won triumph of a true principle, because he was the victor in the cause identified with humanity, that General GRANT is fitly honored by a nation's gratitude." Glasgow *News*.—"The best wish that friends of the United States can have for their welfare is that his disinterested example may be closely and generally followed."

THE LATE SIR FRANCIS HINCKS.—Photographed by Notman, Montreal.

THE LATE EDGAR K. APGAR.—Photographed by Notman, Albany.—[See Page 571.]

SIR FRANCIS HINCKS.

Sir Francis Hincks was taken suddenly ill on Saturday, the 15th inst., and so rapid was the advance of his disease, which proved to be small-pox of the malignant type, that the news of his death was the first news of his illness. He died at his home in Montreal on Tuesday evening.

The distinguished Canadian was born in Ireland, and after the completion of his studies, entered commercial life. In 1832 he married a Miss Stuart, of Ligoniel, near Belfast, who died in 1873. A year after her death he again married. His second wife was the widow of the Hon. Justice Sullivan, of Toronto, and survives him.

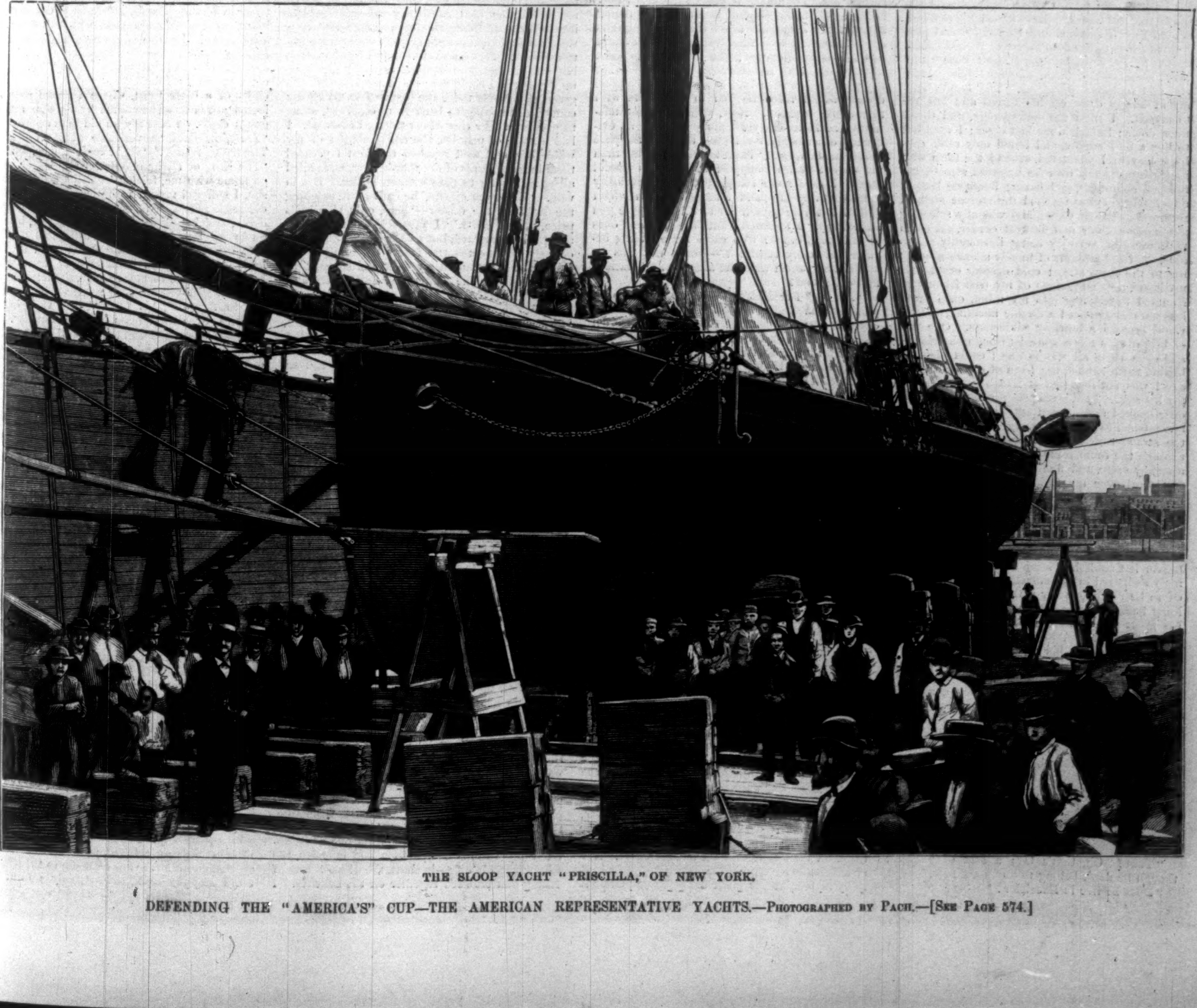
In 1832 he determined on making Canada his home, having already made it a short visit. In 1839 he founded the Toronto *Examiner*. In 1844 he founded the Montreal *Pilot*, of which he was for many years the chief political writer. In addition to his editorial labors he published several pamphlets on public affairs, and also reminiscences of his public life; and up to the time of his death he was one of the leading editorial contributors to the Montreal *Journal of Commerce*. In 1842 he joined the government as Inspector-General, and held the office until after a change in the ministry. He held the same office again from March, 1848, to October, 1851; and again from the latter date to September, 1854, in what is known as the Hincks-Morin administration.

He took a prominent part in the discussion of financial questions, and became so conspicuous by reason of his contributions to this discussion that in 1869 he became Canadian Minister of Finance, which office he held until 1873. In 1879, as one of the Directors of the Consolidated Bank of Montreal, he was arrested, tried, and convicted of signing false returns to the government, but sentence was suspended, and never put in execution.

In 1854 Sir Francis visited England, and was offered and accepted the office of Governor of the Barbadoes and Windward Islands, which he held until 1862. From the latter date until 1869 he was Governor of British Guiana. He was also a member of the Privy Council of Canada.

"WHO'S AFRAID!"—From the Painting by William H. Beard, N. A.

THE SLOOP YACHT "PURITAN," OF BOSTON.



THE SLOOP YACHT "PRISCILLA," OF NEW YORK.

DEFENDING THE "AMERICA'S" CUP—THE AMERICAN REPRESENTATIVE YACHTS.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY PACH.—[SEE PAGE 574.]

A LOST OPPORTUNITY.

A YOUTH he came upon a maid
Within a shady arbor,
A-reading of a learned book,
One summer at Bar Harbor.
The fog was slowly drifting down.
She wore a fine æsthetic gown.

"Oh, will you walk with me?" he said,
The youth so brave and comely.
"'Twould be less hard," the maiden sighed,
"If he were only homely;
But surely I this lovely gown
Should ruin, walking through the town."

The youth he sought another maid
Within another arbor.
She smiled on him as maidens will
In summer at Bar Harbor.
She wore a gown of homespun rough.
She said she could not walk enough.

They tarried till the sun went down.
The youth he waxed romantic.
The other maiden sighed and sighed
Above the book pedantic.
The moon came out and like a ghost
With pale lips told of chances lost.

She went back to the prosy town,
No ring upon her finger.
She heard the thrill of wedding bells
Upon the sad air linger.
"Alas," she cried, "what bitterness
Is wrought by too æsthetic dress!"

Oh, all ye fair aspiring maids
Who tarry at Bar Harbor,
And bide the sly approach of Fate
Within a shady arbor,
Take warning of my doleful rhyme,
And be, I pray you, wise in time

OG.

A COLD rain-storm, a half-grown Western town, a half-kept country hotel, and a winter night; surely no other accessories were needed to make my ill humor a self-evident proposition.

An accident to the wheezing locomotive of a branch railroad had compelled me to stop at Excelsior, and gave me but a faint hope of leaving that thriving town before the next day at noon, in time to make the connection with the Atlantic Express, which would bring me home at the pleasing hour of 2 A.M. Ill temper has three stages—the spiteful, the morose, and the despairing. At five o'clock, when the rattling wagon which had brought me from the scene of the disaster reached the St. Cloud Hotel, I was enjoying the first stage. I mentally anathematized the "office" as "stifling," the dining-room as "cold," the landlord as "officious," and the waiters as "surly." Would I have a private parlor? No, I would not; private parlors were always unventilated, and their chimneys invariably smoked. Would I order a late dinner? No, I would not; I did not like warmed-up messes. Would I have supper? No, I would not; I knew what "supper" meant—fried ham, saleratus biscuit, hay tea, and molasses preserves. The baffled enemy at length drew off his forces and left me to myself. I tried the newspapers, and threw them down; I smoked my last cigar; I went out to buy a new supply, and found only rank cabbage leaves; I wandered around the town with increasing disgust over its unpaved streets, unfinished sidewalks, and flaring kerosene lamps; and finally, having reached the morose stage, I returned to the St. Cloud, and willfully selecting the hardest chair and darkest corner, sat down with wet feet to enjoy being thoroughly miserable. A full half-hour of moody silence brought me to the third stage: cold despair crept over my heart, ugly suspicions of my best friends insinuated themselves into my mind, once harmless phrases acquired a double meaning, and the world seemed a howling wilderness. One pair of bright eyes alone smiled through the clouds, and even there all was not as I could wish, for behind them loomed the form of a rival, and he, alas! was not detained at Excelsior, but free to ply his suit. At this stage of my meditations the door opened and a giant entered. As I am not accustomed to giants in every-day life, I watched the stranger with some curiosity as he walked through the room, examining each occupant with a steady stare, and finally felt a gleam of comfort steal over my forlorn heart as he seated himself opposite me and began to read a worn yellow paper which he took from his pocket. The man must have been at least six feet ten inches in height, but his extreme leanness, long-skirted, closely fitting black coat, and high white beaver hat made him seem even taller. Exceedingly awkward in his movements, his legs seemed to be running away with him, while his feet hung back as if clogged with heavy weights; but his great hands were well kept, and a rim of white linen around his lank throat gave a redeeming grace to his otherwise shabby attire. The face of this singular creature was one of those curious combinations which are never found in a perfectly organized body, a *mélange* of uncongenial tints which produces surprise, and even dread, so great is our natural aversion to monstrosities. A pale blonde complexion, light red hair, eyebrows and eyelashes of the same hue, and large protruding black eyes, glassy and unwinking, almost ophidian in their calm stare, gave the face a weird aspect, as though it belonged to an inhabitant of another world. As the man continued absorbed in his paper, I beckoned to a waiter. "Who is that person?" I asked, in a low tone.

"That? Oh, that's Og; a sort of a giant, though he don't belong to any show now."

"Does he live in Excelsior?"

"Well, no; he don't live anywhere exactly; he comes and goes; he's a sort o' Shaker, or Millerite, or Spiritualist, or something of the kind."

Here the landlord stepped up to my table. "Og, sir? Yes, he is a queer one; I don't wonder you noticed him. Knows a heap too—philosophy, religion, and all that sort of thing; some folks call him a mystic, others a perfectionist; but, however that may be, he's certainly something out of the common run. Would you like to hear him talk, sir?"

"Will he converse with a stranger?"

"Oh yes; nothing he likes better. We let him sit here out of charity: it amuses the guests, you know."

So saying, the landlord went over to the giant, summarily took the paper from his hand, and whispered a few words in his ear. Slowly the ungainly creature emerged from his abstraction, lifted his uncertain legs, and meandered across the room, fixing his strange eyes upon me with a glassy stare, as the landlord introduced "Mr. Og."

"Of Bashan," I suggested, with a weak attempt at a joke.

"The same, at your service," replied the giant. "I shall be pleased to see you in Bashan."

"Is it far from here?" I asked.

"Just off the town," interrupted the landlord: "an open field where Mr. Og has built himself a small cabin; that is, small for a man of his size."

"You are, I believe, something of a traveller, sir," I said to the giant, who was sinking into a brown-study. Slowly consciousness came back to his fixed eyes, and at length he answered:

"Yes, sir; I go to and fro upon the earth in pursuit of knowledge, diffusing the results of my researches among the benighted sons of men as best I can, although hampered by an imperfect body and a lethargic mind. Isolated from all the interests and ties of life, I have devoted myself to the study of mankind, and by dint of persistent will-power I have become able to read their thoughts and motives like the pages of an open book."

The landlord, seeing the conversation well started, had turned away to attend to other guests, and with some curiosity I asked:

"If you can read all hearts, Mr. Og, may I ask you to tell me the predominant feeling in mine at this moment?"

"Discontent," he replied—"produced by wet feet and an empty stomach."

I felt a little humiliated by this answer; perhaps Og saw it, for he went on:

"You expected a different diagnosis of your malady—nothing less than words of four syllables, I presume. So it is with the human heart, forever aspiring, forever mistaken. But I find no fault; it is but the blind striving of the soul toward its lost perfection. A man says, and really thinks, '*I* am truly independent, *I*, at least, care naught for the petty bondage of the world,' and yet his fellows see that he is a very slave, graduating every thought and action by the measure of public opinion. A woman thinks, 'I may have faults, but gossiping is not among them,' and yet her neighbors know that her tongue is constantly busy with their failings. You think you are truly unhappy; the world looks dark and friends seem treacherous; but I know that dry stockings, a cheerful warm room, and a good dinner would reconcile you to the world with marvellous rapidity. Now, although these mistakes are ludicrous, yet I glory in them as evidences of capacity for higher things. Suppose that man should say, 'There is nothing higher than the world's praise'; suppose that woman should think, 'I care more for gratifying my curiosity than anything else, and I see no reason why I should not give myself up to it.' Suppose you should say, 'My animal wants are the only ones of any importance: who cares for anything beyond his bodily comfort?'—would not this be unutterably worse than the mistaken aspirations first described?"

"Mr. Og," I replied, "you have at least so far persuaded me that I am willing to try your remedy. If you will bear me company, I will order the warm room and good dinner immediately."

"I am at your service, Peregrine."

"My name is Duchesne, sir—Louis Duchesne."

"Friend, I know nothing of the senseless titles of the world; I prefer to use names of appropriate signification. Peregrine—a 'stranger.' Thus will I call you. Likewise I call mine host Javan, that is, 'supple', and his wife Ursula, that is, a 'she-bear.' In this way our speech becomes pregnant with meaning, and our minds are not confused with vain efforts to comprehend an incompatible nomenclature."

I gave my orders, and it was surprising to see what a merry fellow that landlord had become; the waiters, too, bustled about; and soon, in a cheerful private parlor, a tempting dinner smoked upon the table, with little sprigs of evergreen and bunches of red berries to light up the whole. When all was complete I returned to the office for my invited guest, finding him again absorbed in the yellow paper, which seemed to be covered with written characters. With some difficulty I brought back his wandering attention; he rose, his legs darted wildly forward, his feet held back, and I felt obliged to guide him across the hall, not without some misgivings lest he should topple over, and crush my five feet eight with his six feet ten. But when at last he was safely seated in a capacious arm-chair, and the waiter, according to my orders, had retired, a sense of comfort slowly penetrated his huge body; the appetizing odor of the dinner and the fragrance of the wine rose before him like incense; he stretched out his long legs, rubbed his hands, and revived intelligence shone in his eyes, showing that the mind had come back to her post at the window, and was graciously pleased to parley for a time with the outside world. After a desultory conversation, supported principally by myself, as the giant did gigantic justice to the feast, I filled the glasses, saying, "Well, Mr. Og, let me wish you health and happiness."

"So be it, Peregrine; but I have not known health and happiness for many years—not since the happy days of the Grand Ancient Roman Circus."

My guest sighed as he spoke, and seemed on the point of falling into another fit of abstraction; but I hastened to awaken him by the question, "So you once belonged to a circus, Mr. Og?"

"Yes," he replied, after a pause. "It is not often that I relate my story; but my soul feels lonely, and the companionship of one of its kind—a luxury to which it is almost a stranger—seems to-night an absolute necessity. Therefore, Peregrine, if you care to hear it, I will relate to you my history.

"I was born in one of the Western States, and left an orphan while still a young child. Thrown upon the world, poor and helpless, I fell into the hands of a farmer who for the price of my living bought the right to my services until I was of age. Perhaps if I had grown strong and useful I should have gained a place in the man's esteem, for strength among the poorer classes takes the rank that money occupies among the rich; but something was wrong with my organization, for while I grew in height with great rapidity, strength, breadth, and general development remained stationary. When ten years of age I was as tall as the farmer, and when twelve I overtopped all the men in the neighborhood, and still I kept growing. I could not lift a stick of wood; I could not direct my tottering steps; I could not defend myself from the attacks of my malicious companions; if they placed obstacles in my path, I was sure to fall over them; if they threw me down, I could not rise; and if they gave me anything to carry, I was sure to feel it dropping from my fingers in spite of all my efforts. No clothes could be found to fit me; the doors were too low for my head; I was in everybody's way; and if I wanted to reach a neighboring house by four o'clock, I was obliged to begin the journey at three, to allow sufficient time for the meanderings of my uncertain legs. I was the laughing-stock of the whole neighborhood. And still I grew. I could almost feel myself growing in the night. I used to make chalk marks on the floor before going to sleep, and watch how far I grew in three days. (I slept on the floor, for no bed could hold me.) Thus I lived until I was thirteen years old. That summer a circus visited our village, and all the young people were wild with curiosity and eagerness to enter the mystic tent. No one thought of me; I was considered a drone in the hive, a vagabond who could not earn his scanty allowance of bread; but a secret and overwhelming desire to see the circus filled my childish mind, and after all the village had assembled in the tent I crept upstairs to my garret and reviewed my poor stock of clothes with trembling haste. Selecting the best, I dressed myself in a pair of pantaloons of coarse blue jean four or five inches too short for my long legs, an old shirt with the wristbands flapping at the elbows, and a linen duster so much too small that as I cautiously squeezed myself into it the worn fabric yielded, and the back seam ripped with a vicious sound that brought the tears to my eyes. Shoes and stockings I had none, my hat was rimless, and my duster a rag, but give up the circus I could not; so I started across the green, going over twice the distance in my zigzag course, and hoping to back in unobserved, so as to prevent a rear view of my tattered costume. I had a store of pennies, the accumulation of my whole life, and as I reached the tent I pressed them into the hands of the door-keeper, and sidled along in, hoping to pass without notice. But in vain. 'Here, you giraffe,' he called out, catching the skirt of the duster—'here, only children's price, twelve cents.' I pretended not to hear, and pushed forward, but as the duster gave way entirely, leaving the two fronts fluttering in my hands, the man caught my wrist and stopped me with an oath. The tears stood in my eyes as I surveyed myself.

"'You've spoiled my coat,' I whimpered. 'Coat, indeed! I call it a rag,' said the man, roughly. '*Will* you stand still or not?' he added, as my uncertain legs carried me against the side of the entrance and nearly uprooted the canvas. 'Trying to hook in at half price, and then ripping up the tent, eh?' 'Please, sir, I'm only thirteen,' I sobbed, clutching my duster with trembling hands. 'Thirteen!—a likely story!' exclaimed the man, looking up into my tear-stained face. Perhaps he saw there the unmistakable confirmation of my words, for, dropping his voice, he asked, eagerly, 'Do you mean to say you are really only thirteen years old, young man?' 'Only thirteen,' I replied; 'please let me see the circus.' But the door-keeper, still holding me fast, whistled to an assistant who was lounging outside, and whispered to him, 'Go and bring the boss.' At these words I shivered with fright; evidently nothing less than a horsewhip was to be my punishment. Making a desperate effort, I wrenched myself away from my captor, and endeavored to escape, but my legs doubled up under me, and I fell, out of breath, just as the door-keeper reached me, accompanied by a red-faced man dressed in uniform. 'Here's the chap,' exclaimed the door-keeper, pouncing upon me, and actually sitting down upon my back to keep me down. 'What do you think of him for a giant, sir?' By this time I was blubbering with fright like any baby, but when the red-faced man commanded me to listen, and unfolded before me a vision of future bliss, I was speechless with delight. I was taken behind the scenes, introduced to the company, consisting of bewildering nymphs, superb athletes, wonderful clowns, monkeys, camels, and a lovely little fairy called Peachblossom. Stunned by my good fortune, I gazed through a hole in the curtain, and recognized one after another my various companions and enemies, the farmer and his wife—in short, the whole village of Rising Sun crowded together on the benches. I had no reason to regret leaving them; not a shadow mixed itself with my delight when, after the evening performance was over and the flaring lights extinguished, I climbed into a wagon with Peachblossom, the Soaring Amazon, and the Infant Wonder, and watched the familiar landmarks disappear in the misty moonlight forever.

"How proudly I held myself in my gay spangled dress as I poised the hoop for fairy Peachblossom in the ensuing performances of the summer! How eagerly I studied my task, and how carefully I recited my witticisms! My commonplace name was exchanged for the high-sounding title of Og, King of Bashan, and as I look back I can see that I must have been a valuable member of the company, although I was too ignorant to demand any compensation beyond frequent changes of my glittering apparel. I remained with the circus five years. In the summer we travelled through the Western States, exhibiting in the villages and county towns; in the winter we visited the various cities as the Great Japanese Museum, our programme consisting of feats of strength and sleight of hand, gymnastics, and the tricks of our learned animals. During this time I was very happy. I grew to love Peachblossom with all my heart, and although she played a thousand pretty tricks upon me, I loved her all the more. For her sake I learned to read and write, I studied as well as I could, and read carefully what books and papers came in my way. My mind was not mature enough to form any definite plan, but I dreamily expected to spend my life by her side, and as much expected to part with my life as with my idol. I did not awake to a knowledge of the strength of my attachment to Peachblossom until I saw her smiling upon a new member of the company, a dark-eyed, swarthy fellow, whose forte was to vault over a number of horses standing abreast—a feat which never failed to elicit a round of applause. What made my position still more painful was the lessening interest felt in my performances by the fickle public. 'That old Og is about played out,' they would say, as I came out to hold the hoop. 'See his legs, how they shake! Giants are tiresome old things, anyhow.'

"After a time Peachblossom suggested to the manager that if Hercules (the vaulter) should hold the hoop the effect would be far better. Thus was I displaced. I could scarcely utter a word of my part, and several hisses were audible as I made my final bow. As I was leaving the arena, Hercules bounded past me to hold the hoop for the beautiful Peachblossom, and unable to bear the sight, I sought refuge behind a heap of properties to brood in solitude. I must have fallen asleep, for when I awoke all was dark around me, and I heard the sound of voices. With a start I recognized the tones of Peachblossom. 'What, Og? How could you think so? Awkward monster! Why, he can not even hold the hoop straight!'

"The reply, in a man's voice, was indistinguishable, but soon the girl went on. 'I tell you he is a perfect scarecrow. I would not have anything to do with him for a fortune. Great, shambling, silly, overgrown calf, with red hair and snake eyes! I wish I might never see him again.' I could bear no more, but crawling away into the open air, I wandered wildly through the woods, nor stopped until daylight overtook me in the vicinity of a large town, where a crowd soon collected around me, attracted by my size and my gaudy dress. Presently an old man approached. 'Truly,' he said, 'a veritable giant in distress. Thy name, friend?' 'Og,' I replied, mechanically. 'The King of Bashan? Better and better. Wilt go home with me, friend?' Too miserable to resist, I suffered myself to be led along toward an old stone house. We entered within its massive doors, and I sank down in a fainting fit, brought on by grief and fatigue. Within this refuge I found shelter for ten long years. Old Dr. Henbane was a singular compound of learning and benevolence, the former passive, the latter active. Wealthy and without near relatives, he spent his life in following his fancies, and verifying his theories by experiments upon humanity. My presence was a godsend to him. He suffered my mind to rove at random through the vast stores of his knowledge with the intention of seeing to what conclusions a perfectly untaught soul would arrive by means of its own unaided judgment. He was curious to know what solutions of the various life problems were written upon the blank page of my mind, and he often asked my opinions of the most profound subjects, listening to my hesitating answers with close attention, and jotting them down for future reference. Thus I lived in peace if not in happiness. My giant body was well clothed and fed, and my dwarfed mind carefully fostered and developed. I learned the secrets of philosophy and the rules of physiology, I was initiated into the mysteries of mental and physical disorders, and under the eye of my benefactor I began to use my knowledge for the benefit of mankind, healing the sick and comforting the wretched, who flocked to the house from all quarters.

"One December night, seven years ago, a ragged boy came to the door to ask Dr. Henbane to visit his sick mother on the outskirts of the town. As the night was stormy, I insisted upon going in my patron's place, and wrapping a cloak about me, I followed the child through the snowy streets to a miserable tavern beyond the town limits, where, in a back garret, I found the patient. A tallow candle shed a faint light through the cold room, and I saw a group of persons around the bed, a heap of clothes and musical instruments in one corner, and a forlorn monkey in his red coat mounted on an old hand-organ in another. The little creature took off his red cap and bowed as I entered, holding out a supplicating paw; the group divided, and I approached the bed where a woman lay dying, a faded, worn-out creature, past all human aid. Saying as much to the by-standers, I stepped back, but suddenly a faint voice

called out, 'Og, Og, dear old Og, is it you?' It was my Peachblossom, and she recognized me.

"I staid with her until all was over: it was not long. And then I buried her. Her husband had deserted her, and for years she had supported herself and the boy by giving exhibitions as a magician and seer, assisted by a fragment of the old circus company as musicians and gymnasts.

"Yes; there I found the Soaring Amazon, grown rather stout, the Infant Wonder, increased to man's size, the Japanese Juggler, the Sword-swallower, two trained dogs, and the monkey, all sorrowing for their lost companion, but welcoming me, the Giant, as the chief mourner for the once beautiful fairy Peachblossom.

"Within the year my benefactor too was taken. The heir at law grudgingly gave me the sum bequeathed to me by the will, and with it I bought Bashan, the field and cabin where I reside. But I am growing old; my strength is daily on the wane; I feel that I have not long to wait, and I am thankful."

"You are still young, Mr. Og," I replied, as the man paused.

"I am thirty-four, a great age for a giant. Dwarfs live to an advanced age, but giants die young. I shall be glad to go; in another world I shall not be ungainly and distorted. In another world Peachblossom will not shrink from me. And now farewell. It is late, a storm is approaching, and I must return to Bashan."

The giant extended his huge hand, clasped mine in friendly warmth, and opened the outside door. I watched his retreating figure disappear in the darkness, but before he was lost to view he turned and waved his hand.

As I re-entered the office a man came in from the opposite side, and, after a word with the landlord, approached me, saying: "I believe you're the gentleman as wanted so much to get through to Persepolis to-morrow? We're going to run an engine over the branch; start in fifteen minutes. If you want to go enough to ride all night, we'll take you through."

DR. HOLMES TO THE BLIND.

The July number of that interesting and unique periodical, *Kneass' Philadelphia Magazine for the Blind*, is enriched by the poetical contribution from Dr. Holmes that follows, together with the editorial note of explanation:

"The following dedication, which we are permitted to present to our readers before its publication in any other form, has been expressly written by Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes for a good-sized volume of selections from his poetical works, which is soon to be issued by the 'Howe Memorial Press' of the Perkins Institution and Massachusetts School for the Blind, in Boston. We are informed that the value of this edition has been enhanced by the fact that many of the poetical pearls included in it have been selected by the author himself.

"DEDICATION.

"Dear friends, left darkling in the long eclipse
That veils the noonday—you whose finger-tips
A meaning in these ridgy leaves can find
Where ours go stumbling, senseless, helpless, blind,
This wreath of verse how dare I offer you
To whom the garden's choicest gifts are due?
The hues of all its glowing beds are ours—
Shall you not claim its sweetest-smelling flowers?

"Nay, those I have I bring you; at their birth
Life's cheerful sunshine warmed the grateful earth;
If my rash boyhood dropped some idle seeds,
And here and there you light on saucy weeds
Among the fairer growths, remember still
Song comes of grace and not of human will;
We get a jarring note when most we try,
Then strike the chord we know not how or why.
Our stately verse with too aspiring art
Oft overshoots and fails to reach the heart,
While the rude rhyme one human throb endears
Turns grief to smiles and softens mirth to tears.

"Kindest of critics, ye whose fingers read,
From Nature's lesson learn the poet's creed;
The queenly tulip flaunts in robes of flame,
The way-side seedling scarce a tint may claim,
Yet may the lowliest leaflets that unfold
A dew-drop fresh from heaven's own chalice hold.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

BOSTON, *June* 15, 1885.

THE LOUISVILLE EXPOSITION.

The third annual Exposition at Louisville, Kentucky, was opened on August 15, with promise of even greater success than on either of the preceding years. The day was practically a holiday. Crowds of visitors came from the country and the neighboring cities. A parade, military and industrial, was reviewed by Governor KNOTT, who delivered a congratulatory address; the line of march was decorated with bunting, and there were set orations in the Music Hall on such practical topics as Kentucky orators were formerly not in the habit of selecting. In every way the people showed an appreciation of the new industrial era in the South, of which this Exposition, and especially the succession of Expositions, are at once a proof and a stimulus. For once in the history of the world, too, the exhibits were in order on the opening day.

Three years ago, when the enterprising citizens of Kentucky held their first large fair, it was begun and conducted as an experiment in popular education, and not as an aggregation of bazars. They were more than usually successful in excluding mere individual advertisements. They found that a fair so conducted had apt students, and many of them. It was, moreover, such a proper and effective advertisement of the rich section of country which contributed to it that now Kentucky stands among the very foremost of the Southern States which are receiving thrifty immigrants and investments of money in manufactures. Much of this success is due to the good management of Mr. WRIGHT, but his efforts have always received the generous aid of his fellow-townsmen.

Among the prominent features of this year's Exposition are the Mexican exhibit of flora and minerals. From California, too, there are fruits and timbers and garden products. All the neighboring cities and States, of course, have sent products of their soil and industry; and from France, Italy, Russia, Spain, and the Orient a collection of both curious and instructive specimens of natural products, the handicrafts, and the arts has been gathered. The art gallery at each of these Expositions has afforded most of the visitors the best opportunity of their lives to study a collection of works of art; and this year an orchestra, under the leadership of Mr. Walter Damrosch, of New York, has been substituted for the brass band which heretofore constituted the musical exhibit. The buildings in which these fairs are held are adequate in size and convenient in arrangement. They are owned by a permanently organized company, and the annual Expositions have already become one of the most useful institutions in the West or South.

JUDICIAL PUNISHMENTS IN PERSIA.

The judicial punishments of Persia certainly seem very cruel, but the most enlightened rulers of the country insist that they are not vindictive; they are simply deterrent. The late Hissam-u-Sultaneh, uncle of the king, was one of the most severe of provincial governors; yet, as he himself triumphantly pointed out, he shed less blood, first and last, than his rivals, while the provinces under his government were remarkably free from crimes of violence. "I," he remarked, "take the great criminal red-handed, and I punish him in such a way that his punishment will not be forgotten, and that his fate will be a terror to evil-doers. Unlike you Europeans, I don't shut up the man for years; I have no grudge; my punishments are policy. I commence my governorship by severe measures toward criminals, to let them know whom they have to deal with. It is true I then mercilessly execute some of them, but there are no more crimes of violence during my tenure of office, no more unsafe roads, no burglaries. Murders—mostly unpremeditated murders—there certainly are, as there will be in all countries; I execute these men in a simple way. So do Europeans." These are the ideas of a great Persian statesman. The result in Persia is undoubtedly what the Hissam stated: the province is quiet, criminals are afraid, honest men are safe.

The ordinary punishments are the bastinado, fines, imprisonment (simple confinement), imprisonment in irons (the chain-gang), maiming, death.

The bastinado is administered upon the bare soles of the feet. Save by the king's express order, it is never nowadays carried to a fatal issue. The ordinary application of the bastinado means what we should term a "good hiding"—nothing more. In the eyes of a Persian there is nothing degrading in having "eaten stick." Within the last ten years the Muschir-ul-Molk, the then wealthiest man in Fars (the richest province of Persia), was severely bastinadoed; he was over seventy years of age. The bastinado is usually administered to all small delinquents who are not fined. It is the punishment of peccadilloes. The accomplices of criminals are usually bastinadoed to obtain confession. Criminals of the minor class are generally bastinadoed and discharged. The sticks used are not, as in Turkey, heavy batons, but sticks tapering to a point. The best criterion of the real value of a bastinadoing may be arrived at from the reply of a soldier who, when I asked him which he would prefer, an ordinary beating on his feet such as was being given to one of his fellows, or the loss of a month's pay (7*s.* 6*d.*), answered, "Why, the beating, of course." Criminals, when offered the choice of a fine or the bastinado, always choose the latter. It must be remembered that the lower classes in Persia walk much barefoot, and that their feet are hard. Of course to a European a bastinadoing would be a terrible punishment. Mirza Abdul Wahab Khan, late physician to H.R.H. Zil-es-Sultan, told me that he had seen 2000 sticks fairly broken over the feet of a criminal—say 6000 blows. This was done by the Shah's farrashes: the man survived.

Fines vary according to the position of the person fined or the rapacity of the finer. Simple imprisonment is dealt out to those who are guilty of robbery, or misdemeanor, or the greater crime of not paying their taxes. Imprisonment in a chain-gang or imprisonment in irons is reserved for crimes of violence, burglary, coining, or theft from the person. Maiming is resorted to for thieves from shops, cut-purses, and horse and cattle stealers. As a rule, a single joint of the finger is cut off for a first offense, the hand for a second; or the criminal is lamed by removing a portion of the *tendo Achillis*. Blinding of one or both eyes is now a rare punishment. Sometimes the ears are cut off or the nose slit, and the criminal is led through the bazar by the executioner. (It may be mentioned that at every execution the executioner levies, as a right, a fee of a few coppers from each merchant and shop-keeper.) Amputation of the tongue has not occurred within my knowledge during the last twenty years. Strange to say, in such cases the sufferer gradually regains the power of intelligible speech. The objection to surgical amputations in the East generally, and especially in Persia, arises from the terrible loss of caste to those who are maimed judicially.

Death—painless and instantaneous—is usually inflicted by throat-cutting. The simple punishment of death is mostly executed on murderers, robbers, and those guilty of crimes of violence, and on the sectaries of the Baab; it is also the penalty for high treason. In some cases men of high rank, condemned for the latter crime, are either poisoned or strangled. In my time Zohrab Khan, who could not pay his revenue to the crown, and therefore revolted, had his throat cut in Shiraz. He had surrendered upon a sworn promise that his life would be spared; but the Muschir-ul-Molk, his personal enemy, was actually present, reading the order for his death, when Zohrab Khan was executed at the back of the governor's palace. Within the last three years Houssein Kuli Khan, chief of the Bakhtiaris, was offered a cup of poisoned coffee when the guest of the Zil-es-Sultan. On his refusing it, two farrashes stepped forward and strangled him. The only crime of Houssein Kuli Khan, a noble and enlightened man, was that he was too powerful.

The exceptional punishments in Persia are blowing from guns or mortars, crucifixion, walling up or burying alive, burning alive, and in the few capital punishments of women (who are usually strangled or wrapped up in a carpet and jumped upon, flung from a precipice or down a well). All these punishments have been inflicted within the writer's knowledge. Crucifixion in Persia is done against a wall; the sufferers occasionally live many hours. The crime of one man so executed was that of having stolen the golden necklet of the Prince Governor's horse: this was looked on as a sort of high treason. Some highway robbers who, among many other achievements, had looted and carried off the writer of this article (he fortunately escaped from them), and murdered a Syud, or holy man, were walled up alive near the scene of their crimes in hollow brick pillars. Eleven other highway robbers in one batch were thus buried alive in Shiraz in 1879, while a priest was burned to death in the public square of Shiraz just before my arrival in Persia. He was an exceptionally atrocious criminal.

The dreadful punishments in use, then, among the Persians will be seen to be no legend. The argument of one of the most enlightened of the provincial governors for the continuance of these atrocities, as *deterrent*, has been given, but they are contrary to the wish of the Shah himself. The present king no longer presides at executions in the capital, which was still the custom when he ascended the throne. All criminals condemned to death are usually retained in prison, and respited from day to day, till every farthing has been wrung from them, their friends, and relatives, and then they are executed. The king, and the governors too, often permit mysterious escapes or exercise their prerogative of pardon on receiving a heavy bribe. At times great or powerful criminals are executed in prison and their bodies flung into the public square, or they are said to have died a natural death. To have been a great criminal is no bar to a man's advancement in Persia. One Rahim Khan, formerly a highway robber, and once under sentence of death, was frequently Deputy-Governor of the province of Ispahan, and farmer of the customs of the whole of southern Persia. The latter office he held till his death. He bribed freely.

LAVENDER.

The lavender is among the few plants of which one is inclined to think that they are more English than the English. Of distinctly primitive and Puritan-like aspect, it is a flower as truly exotic as the majority of its more gorgeous brethren. Its domicile, however, is so assured, its habits so simple and unobtrusive, and its uses so homely and pervading, that it is difficult to think of the sober-tinted bush as having been at one time a foreigner. The lavender has functions, too, as well as more practical uses. When the London season is languishing, the cry of "Sweet lavender!" in the streets is a standing reminder of that not always unwelcome fact. To the weary Londoner, at least, the appearance of the sad-colored flower is almost emblematic of the waning summer. For some years past the town of Hitchin, in Herefordshire, has been the chief centre of the lavender cultivation; but a few months ago lavender-growing on a large scale was started in East Kent, where the venture promises to prove successful. There must be something in the English soil and climate acceptable to the habits of the plant, for it attains a perfection unequalled by the growths of other lands. Above all, the fame of English lavender-water is world-wide. Of the flowers annually grown by the florists of the south of France, lavender forms a very insignificant proportion.

The lady of the manor and the "mother" of the hamlet set equal store upon the plant. It yielded washes, scents, ointments, and medicine. It often helped to replenish the snuff-box of a later period, while a drop of its essential oil was regarded as "sovereign" for the vapors so successfully cultivated by gentlewomen. A herb possessing so many merits was naturally welcomed on all sides. It was so clean, fragrant, and refreshing that it took all the housewives' chests and store-cupboards by storm. Izaak Walton completes the picture of an ideal chamber in a rustic inn by the assertion not only that there is "lavender in the windows," but that the "sheets are white and smell of lavender." The phrase, "laid up in lavender," is emphatic of the prevalence of this wholesome and delightful custom. In many rural districts lavender for the presses in a house is quite as necessary as honeysuckle for its porch.

Lavender was largely employed by the ancients to scent the water of their manifold baths, and the derivation of the word, through *lavandula*, from the Latin *lavo*, is complete. Our term "lavender-water" may thus be a survival; for though in English practice the essential oil of the plant is obtained by distillation with water, its perfume is afterward imparted to highly rectified spirit. Our other custom of making "lavender bags" and placing the dry blossoms among linen clothes is also derived from antiquity. There are records of this practice older than the discovery of distillation, and it says much for the natural efficacy of the lavender that its homely virtues are to this day so highly valued.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

The phrase "Everybody is out of town" continues to show itself from time to time in the newspapers. Scarcely any one of that large drove of apparently wise or reasonable remarks whose real folly has been found out after a long period of friendly acquaintance has been so persistently and enthusiastically and yet vainly hunted. Nearly every Nimrod in the jungles of journalism has tossed a spear at it; it has been pricked with a thousand paragraphs; but still the quarry is afoot, and the sport bids fair to go on indefinitely.

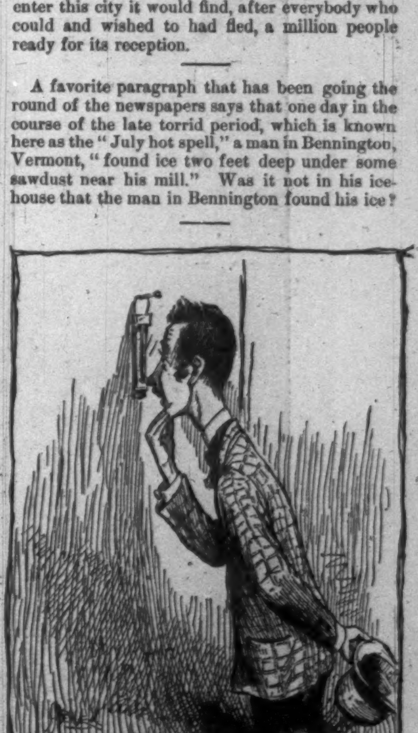
A curious inquirer and reasoner has started the question whether a man who has an ugly nose is not lucky. How, he asks, does an ugly nose offend? Of course, like all ungainly objects, through the sense of sight. But whose sight? Surely not that of the man to whom the nose belongs, for, unless it be an extraordinarily long nose, he can not see it, whereas to other people it is exposed in all its gross deformity. The owner is lucky inasmuch as there is an ugly nose which is concealed from him, and those really are the unlucky ones who do not own it and from whom it is not concealed. If ten persons with ugly noses were assembled, says this observer, each one of them would be lucky, because, of the ten ugly noses presented, each person could see only nine. There is, however, the sting of hearsay, of which this observer seems to have made no note.

A Frenchman proposes to utilize the force in bottles; he means the force created by the confined gases of certain liquors, such as champagne, beer, and soda-water. His strong argument for the success of his scheme is that the ideas of the steamboat and the railway locomotive were also laughed at when they were first propounded. When it has come to pass that thousands of great mill-wheels shall be set whirling by the same force that now escapes along with the champagne and soda-water corks of the world, perhaps the man who proposed to gather and apply the force of human foot-falls will renew hope, and it is possible also that somebody will feel encouraged to discover a means of running pile-drivers and ferry-boats by the employment of yeast.

An English lady, writing to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, says that the ladies of those towns in America which have been long settled, while far more acute and more highly educated than their English sisters, lack a certain indescribable charm which the best-bred English ladies have, and the writer believes that it would be a matter of incalculable benefit to the ladies of America if a few English ladies could be brought to sojourn among them for a period long enough to allow the charm in question to be imparted. Of course this charm, not existing here, and being indescribable, can not be understood very well by the run of Americans. Perhaps it is a charm complementary to that other subtle charm of manner appertaining to the men of England, which has been somewhat successfully imitated here, and is pretty well known. It would be interesting to have a specimen of it over, and to try whether a Vassar girl could wear it becomingly or not.

There is a dreadful visitor, Cholera (happily not likely to come here this season), who knows that everybody is not out of town in the summer-time. Thousands who are generally in town when everybody is said to be out fly at his approach, and still he finds other thousands to deal with. Not everybody fears the cholera enough to run away from it; more can not run away; and it is safe to say that if the plague were to enter this city it would find, after everybody who could and wished to had fled, a million people ready for its reception.

A favorite paragraph that has been going the round of the newspapers says that one day in the course of the late torrid period, which is known here as the "July hot spell," a man in Bennington, Vermont, "found ice two feet deep under some sawdust near his mill." Was it not in his ice-house that the man in Bennington found his ice?



A REMARKABLE RISE.

SIMPKINS (*very short-sighted*). "My! how this mercury is booming up! Positively risen twenty degrees while I have been looking at it!"

[*S. is not aware that his nose is against the bulb.*

"HANDS UP"—AN INCIDENT OF TRAVEL C

ON THE PLAINS.—Drawn by R. F. Zogbaum.—[See Page 571.]

PAUL CREW'S STORY.*

BY ALICE COMYNS CARR,

AUTHOR OF "LA FORTUNINA," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE dreaded fortnight was over.

It had been a fortnight in which a great deal had happened.

So much, that Paul had almost forgotten his dread, had almost forgotten to watch the weather.

But now that the bad time was all over—that there was only the memory of it left—he remembered that he would have been excited and anxious if he had had leisure.

But the danger was past; the storms that had threatened had blown over; the hops were to be picked on the morrow.

It was a late harvest; the gloomy weather had retarded it; but it was ripe at last.

Paul was driving home across the hill from town, and he saw the camp pitched below in the valley, and the hop-pickers' fires gleaming red in the darkness behind the fir-trees.

They were *his* fires, they were *his* hop-pickers, they were *his* hops, his and his friend's—and his friend was as honest as the day.

He was proud and glad.

Johnnie would have a nest-egg laid by for him.

Just this one speculation, and then never another.

It cost him too much anxiety; he was not fit for it.

But this one was to bring him luck.

He paused a moment on the crest of the hill, looking down into the valley.

It was the very spot where he and Phœbe had stood that late summer evening six years ago, and where he had told her that he loved her.

He remembered now the strange way in which she had received his confession—half frightened, half defiant, half pleased. How different she was now—calmer, deeper, softer.

As different as the scene below him was different, but in the opposite sense. There, where all had been calm and peaceful, the home only of nature, was now the presence of human life. There, where the cattle only had wandered silently beside the stream, beneath the glow of the waning sunset or the shade of the coming twilight, the lurid and startling light of fires lit by the hand of man started out of the darkness.

Somehow, as he looked, Paul felt that there was an element of disturbance in the scene; that it did not rest his senses as the other had done then and often since.

He turned gladly to the silent gloom of the pine wood at his left, whose sweet fragrance, still strong with the sun's strength, brought back tender memories.

He drove on up the hill toward the sea.

He was a bit late for duty, and must hasten. It was upon duty that he had been into town; to see his Captain, and report upon certain discoveries recently made with regard to "wreckers" living along the coast.

Pacing the beach the night before, he had seen a black thing floating upon the surface of the water which, even in the uncertain light of gloaming, he had known was neither boat nor buoy. He had hastened to the point where Foster watched.

Foster had seen it too. They had summoned one of the other men, and had got the galley down, and had pulled out to investigate matters. There had been nothing much to see. The floating thing was but a scanty portion of the wreck of a ship that must have foundered a long way from this coast.

It told of storms that had been, but otherwise it was not interesting, for there was nothing on it.

What *was* interesting was that, on the way home, they had spied a little boat creeping along under the shadow of the cliffs, and pulling up to it, had found that it belonged to an old fisherman who, for some time past, had been under suspicion of getting his living by prigging from wrecks.

The old fisherman was in the boat, and so was something which he was trying to get secretly and safely to his cabin on the beach.

It was a keg of rum.

He did not get it safely ashore, for Paul took it, and took him also, and to-night he had been into town to deliver him up to his Captain.

That was what had kept him a bit later than usual.

But he would soon be home; the top of the hill once reached, it would be a very small matter to bowl down it again on to the marsh.

He let the reins hang loose on the pony's neck to walk up the hill.

As he went he thought of Phœbe and of the night when he had first won her.

Down there in the meadow to the right of him was the gate by which they had stood; yonder the mill whose black arms had stood against the sunset sky as they stood out now in the night; hard by him the pine wood whose fragrance had stolen to their senses, bringing the message of love.

The same sweet, luscious odor came now upon the gentle breeze from out the resinous trunks, still hot from the noonday sun.

It made him think of her all the more—of her sweet and brilliant beauty, of her tender goodness and devotion to himself and the boy, of his love for her, of her love for him.

He thought of the letter she had written about him; of the sweet words of praise that it held.

He thought of it with pride, and the tears came into his eyes as he thought.

The cart had reached the top of the hill. He was just going to whip the pony up into a trot for the level ground, when the sound of voices in the fir wood hard by attracted his attention.

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1490.

He stopped and reined in the horse, for he thought he recognized the voice.

Yes, it was Foster.

For a moment he was vexed.

The sun was down, and Foster ought to have been at his post on the beach.

All the more that his master was away he ought to have been at his post betimes.

Paul was vexed.

He thought he would get down and give a piece of his mind to this refractory subordinate.

It was not for this that he had labored so hard to get him steady and honest work.

To get the place at all, as he had, was such a marvellous piece of luck that he might at least exert himself to keep it.

He prepared to descend.

But just as he was about to tie the reins up, he heard the sound of a voice sobbing.

He stopped and listened again.

It was a woman who was crying.

Yes, he was sure of it.

He paused, undecided.

Ought he to interfere?

Had he any right to interfere?

"Ah, don't cry!" Foster was saying, half tenderly, half passionately. "There is no need to cry, and it makes me miserable to see you cry. I love you more than any man ever loved a woman. What more can I say?"

There was no answer; only the sound of sobbing continued.

"And you love me, too," went on the young man. "I know you love me, though you won't allow it. Isn't that enough?"

The sobbing stopped suddenly, but still there was no answer.

"Ah, dearest," murmured Foster's voice, in very passionate, very supplicating accents.

Paul turned, and got up again into the gig.

He had made up his mind that he had no right to be eavesdropping, and no right to interfere.

This was a love scene—a love scene between Foster and the girl whom he intended to marry.

Foster would have to be pulled up to-morrow at drill for absence from duty, and pulled up very sharply; but Paul could not bring himself to think that he had any right to interfere to interrupt a love scene.

Excepting that he had chosen to do it at the wrong hour, Foster had every right to make love to the girl whom he intended to marry.

It was rather a queer kind of love-making to make a girl cry.

But then girls were queer sometimes. He had nearly made Phœbe cry when he had proposed to her; not quite, but nearly.

No doubt he would soon make it up with her.

But Paul did not stay to listen.

He drove off, laughing to himself as he drove, at the secretiveness of Foster's manœuvres.

He would have a rare laugh out of his friend over this affair when he saw him again—that he promised himself.

Why, the other day, when he had joked him about Nan Drew, he had positively seemed quite angry at the supposition.

And yet, evidently, there was something in it, and a good something in it too.

If it was not Nan Drew, it was some other girl, and Paul made quite sure it was Nan Drew, for he had always fancied there was something between them ever since the day he had noticed them together in the market, when they had thought that no one whom they knew was by.

However, he soon ceased to give the matter a thought.

He had to pass the Three Ravens before he reached the edge of the hill.

The door stood open, and, after a moment's hesitation, he called to a lad who stood by.

"Look here, Jim," said he, "will you drive my gig down to the station for me, and tell my wife that I've just stepped in here to have my glass instead of coming home? I'm a bit tired, and it will save me time."

The boy grinned all over his face.

"All right, master," he said; "I'll drive the gig down fast enough; but what shall I do if the missus ain't at home?"

"She'll be at home, lad," answered Paul, carelessly.

Now that Phœbe's mother was dead, she had no place that she was wont to go to.

"Right, then," repeated the boy, still grinning. "If so be as you should be mistaken, I'll tie the horse up for ye."

"Very well," said Paul, as he passed into the bar.

There had been a loud clamor of voices as Paul drove up, but as he stepped into the midst of the little company a dead silence fell upon it.

Paul passed across to the counter, and ordered his glass of gin and water.

When he had turned round again with it in his hand he thought he noticed that one or two of the company were looking at him curiously.

He was vexed.

The same sort of thing had occurred before.

He had thought it might have been his fancy, but this time he was sure it was not his fancy.

He resolved to have the matter explained.

"What's the matter, neighbors?" he said, a trifle shortly, perhaps, but keeping down his temper, and speaking in his usual cheery voice. "You were talking merrily enough when I came in. Why do you all stop, as if I were a wet blanket come to spoil all your sport?"

"No, no," laughed one of the men, with an attempt at easiness which was but ill executed. "You fancy that, Mr. Crew. Certain you do!"

"No, I don't fancy it," insisted Paul. "I've noticed it before. Have I done anything to annoy any of you? If so, why don't you speak up as man to man?"

"No, no," came a chorus of voices, honest enough this time, and one man added, "You've never done anything to vex anybody, that I'm pretty sure of, unless it was in the way of your duty."

Paul was a bit re-assured at this.

"Thank you, friend," he said, heartily. "All the same, I want to know why it was you all stopped talking directly I came in. What were you talking about? You can tell me that, at least."

There was a silence.

Then one old fellow spoke up, thumping the table as he began, as who should say, "I'll tell the truth and shame the devil, anyhow."

"Why, we were just having a bit of a say out over that affair yonder—against the town."

"About the wrecker that was taken the other night?" asked Paul, getting a glimmering of light. "Well, I was obliged to take him, you know. That's what I'm put at the coast-station to do. And he was a bad old man. He would have robbed you all, if he could."

"No, that's not what he means," answered another. "He means that story of murder, harborway."

"Oh, I had not heard it," said Paul.

"What! not about the man that murdered his wife's lover?"

"No."

"Oh, he killed him," continued the old man. "Murdered him down there under the cliffs on a dark night. And served him jolly well right. Don't you think so, Mr. Crew? Wouldn't you have done the same?"

Paul waited a moment before replying.

"Well," he said, after a minute, "I don't say it *didn't* serve him right, though I won't say it did. It's hard to tell until we know just all. But I don't feel sure that *I* could have done it. However, there's no knowing anything till we're tried."

"No; that's it," agreed the other. "There's never no knowing till we're tried."

"Well," said Paul, in quite his own hearty voice, setting down his glass, after having swallowed his grog, "at all events, *we* have none of us any need to trouble about such matters. I don't know any of us that have cause to complain of our wives."

He took out his money and paid his score.

"I must be off down to the shore," he said. "I'm a bit late, and I'm half afraid there's a breeze getting up."

"Yes, that there is," declared one, glad enough to have the conversation turned. "It looks ugly for the crops to-night, I'm afraid."

Paul didn't answer.

He couldn't believe that there was any danger to the crops now, at the eleventh hour.

But he was anxious to be off and see, and, with a hasty nod round, he went out.

As he walked down the hill the breeze from the sea smote so fresh upon his face that it almost lifted the hat from his head, and as he neared the foot of the short-cut which he had taken, he began to see that the surface of the ocean was whipped into angry little ridges, and flecked with spots of white foam, while the sky was rapidly becoming covered with hurrying clouds that banked themselves thicker and blacker all along the horizon. His heart sank within him. He knew that there was a storm coming up.

At any other time the discovery would have brought him little but satisfaction—as the prospect of excitement and possible danger must always bring satisfaction to a man absorbed in his calling—but to-night he was thinking of his harvest; and the knowledge that what meant excitement in one direction probably meant ruin in another could not but have its effect.

He struck across the marsh and down to the beach with a terrible presentiment of impending disaster.

CHAPTER XV.

THAT night was one to be remembered for many a long day by the inhabitants of Firtu village and of Rockhead Station. The storm that broke over the sea was more fearful than any storm before or since, and the disasters that followed it were so strange and terrible that they were still spoken of with mournful mystery by the fisher-folk and peasants around, who declared that never did a moon rise red to such cruelly sure and fearful ends.

When Paul reached the shore he knew that the storm which was close upon them would come with no sparing hand, and it was with a sure foreknowledge of what was before him, not unmixed with a kind of satisfaction in the sense of excitement ahead, that he hastened to look to the galley and the ropes and life-buoys, and to call the men together, so that both boat and crew might be ready in case of emergency.

Foster, as he knew, was not in his cottage, but he forbore to mention the matter to the other men, from a kind of unconfessed feeling that they might take a delight in the fact that the master's favorite must needs be in disgrace.

In disgrace he certainly was bound to be, but not for long.

Paul could not stand clouds overhead for any lengthened time, and he had the matter out at the first opportunity, which occurred before many minutes were over.

As he strode across the sands, after all was in order, to say a word of farewell to his wife at home before going on the beach for the night, he met the young man hastening toward him.

"The sea looks bad, Mr. Crew," said he, looking out toward the water. "I'm afraid there is going to be a bad night."

"Yes," answered Paul. "All the more reason why you shouldn't have been behind time. I have had to go to town over this job, as you know. But I see no reason, because I'm not at home, why my men should play truant."

Foster bit his lip.

He knew he was in the wrong, but his temper was none of the calmest, and he was not fond of acknowledging himself to blame.

But Paul had had his say, and was not going to assert himself more than need be.

"There, never mind," he said. "I know what kept you away. It's natural enough, of course. Only you must attend to such matters when you oughtn't to be down here."

The color which had flown to Foster's dark cheek faded out of it, as did the light from his eyes also.

"I don't know what you mean," he said.

"Oh yes, you do," answered Paul, with a smile. "I passed you up in the fir wood just now. That's what I mean. Yes, and heard you saying things in the twilight that were enough to keep you from duty, sure enough. Well, you needn't look so guilty. They're just the kind of things that I used to say myself when I was a young fellow. And you mustn't be too cross with me for playing eavesdropper, neither. It was a girl crying that made me stop; and whatever you had need to make her cry for I don't know. But as soon as I heard it was nothing but what it was, and a good comforter to hand, I moved on at once. Come, there's nothing to be ashamed of," insisted Paul again, slapping Foster good-humoredly on the back. "Nan Drew is a very nice girl."

Foster, who had been kicking the pebbles about with his foot, stopped and looked up. He began to laugh nervously.

Paul thought it was natural enough that he should laugh.

"Yes, so she is," said the young man at last.

"The neighbors like to say she's a bit fond of sweetheartin'," continued Paul; "but what pretty girl isn't, I should like to know? They often say that of girls that make men the best of wives afterward. Why, there *were* folk wanted to warn me off my Phœbe before I married her. But you take your own line; that's my advice. I should like to think that you and she should make a match of it, only you mustn't go a-courting her when you're on duty elsewhere."

Paul smiled, but Foster did not smile now. He neither smiled nor spoke.

He kept his eyes fixed on the sea, and never once looked at Paul.

"I'll go on," he said presently, in a gloomy voice.

"Yes, do," nodded Paul, moving onward himself. "I'm just going to step up and say a word to the wife, for we sha'n't be in till daybreak, I know. But I'll be down to the beach in two minutes."

He hurried on, and Foster turned slowly down to the sea, and stood a long while looking out over the rising waves.

Paul found Phœbe just laying aside her bonnet as though she had been out, but he did not ask her if she had been out.

He only said, quickly:

"I just ran up for a minute, sweetheart, to let you know not to expect me till you see me. We shall have rough weather to-night, and I mustn't leave the men till we see the end of it."

"I was afraid there was going to be a storm," answered she.

"Yes," said Paul, gravely. And then, putting his arm around her, he kissed her, and said, quickly, "Good-by, dear. I mustn't stay."

Phœbe looked at him. Then she threw her arms round his neck and kissed him tenderly several times.

"Good-by, dear, dear Paul," she said. And with those words in his ears he went out.

Paul and his men got the galley down upon the beach, as far as would be safe from the highest of the tide, and then they went each to his separate post.

For three hours he patrolled the beach from end to end of his beat, consulting with the officers from each of the stations beyond him as he met them, from time to time, at the confines, and seeing that his own men were alert at their posts.

The storm rose with astonishing rapidity.

Long before midnight the billows were dashing upon the beach with the thunderous roar of a sea that was churned from its depths out in the very heart of the ocean; the wind raged and tore with a strength that not even the strongest man could resist, and the rain came down in torrents, tossed and dashed by the gusts of the hurricane.

The sky was dark without relief of any kind, save when a sheet or a fork of vivid lightning reft the clouds and illumined the heavens and the earth with its terrible beauty.

Excepting at such moments the sea's presence was known to the watchers beside it only by its perpetual clamor; but when the light came, then one could see how pitiless was its aspect and how impossible it must be for a ship to live amid such billows. Paul stood looking at its black depths, thinking of the many lives that must be in peril this night—thinking, also, not a little of the damage that it would bring to the harvest upon which his hopes were set.

In the midst of this dreary scene, drenched to the skin as he was, and obliged to be alone at his watch without a soul to speak to, he began to think very seriously of his venture.

Had he done wisely to make it? Did Phœbe think he had done wisely, or was she, perhaps, upbraiding him in her heart for having risked the savings that they had laid by for the boy?

The light was in her window; across the little stretch of shingle and sand and marsh he could see it now and then through the darkness.

It stood there almost as a reproach to him to-night—a reproach lest anything he had done should ever bring her sorrow. A reproach, but a beacon too—a beacon of love and faith.

No, whatever might happen, Phœbe would never upbraid him; she would never do anything but comfort him if trouble came; she was a true and faithful woman.

His eyes became moist as he mused, and it was

not with the rain or the spray; it was with thankfulness to think that, come weal or woe, they two were fast to an anchor that no storms could uproot.

His eyes were moist, but he laughed at himself for it the next minute.

What need was there to think of sorrow when life blossomed forth so rosy and fair?

Paul certainly did not think of it.

And, indeed, this was no time to think of personal matters at all.

For a while, though the storm raged mercilessly enough, it seemed as if at least it was not going to secure any victims to its fury.

But as the night drew on toward morning, Paul heard the ominous sound that every coast-guardsman pacing the beach learns to look for in each gust of wind and in each peal of thunder—the sound of a ship's signal.

It came through the darkness—once, twice, three times—muffled in the roar of the elements, but too terribly distinct to be mistaken.

Paul hastened toward the pool beneath the cliff where Foster was stationed, and met him hurrying along beside the dike.

He too had heard the sound.

"There's a ship in distress," he said, "and close by, too, unless the sound misleads us much. She must be trying to put in under shelter of the cliff. But she doesn't know the shore."

"Yes," answered Paul; "I'm afraid it's a bad business. She'll run on the rocks. I must have the men here. We might have to launch the galley and go to help."

"The galley could never live in such a sea as this, with only three of us to work her," said Foster.

"We must do what we can," answered Paul, gravely.

He turned back toward the station, for the other men's posts lay farther along the border of the marsh.

But they, too, had heard the sound, and were hurrying to the centre of the situation.

In less than five minutes all the four sailors who made up the staff at the station were assembled on the shore with ropes and life-buoys, and prepared to launch the boat.

"Now, lads, this will be no joke, you know," said Paul, as they were about to move. "It's touch and go if the galley will be able to live in such a sea as this with only three of you to work her. But we must do our best. Are you all sure and steady?"

There was a solemn murmur of assent from the men, and then one more question from their officer.

"Who rows first?" said he.

There was just a moment's pause.

The men who sat nearest the ends of the boat were those who stood the greatest chance of being washed overboard.

Paul himself took the stern, for steering.

Who should take the prow?

"I row first," said Foster. "The others have wives and children."

"Good," said Paul, quietly.

And then he added: "We must see our way first, lads, and where we are bound for. We must wait for the next flash."

So they waited.

Through the darkness and the tumult the signals came again—one, two, three—piteous cries of agony.

They sounded nearer than before.

The ship could not be far from land.

The little company waited what seemed an eternity.

Then the flash came.

It made a rent in the clouds and a great hole in the darkness: they saw the ship, not four hundred yards from land.

She was fast running upon the rocks!

There was a stifled exclamation of horror from those on shore.

Every man knew that it would be useless to launch the boat; it would be impossible for them to reach the ship before the crash had come; impossible to reach her at all without splitting up upon the rocks themselves.

"We must give it up," said the master. "Be ready with the ropes, lads. Our only chance is to help them from the shore. We had better make for the point beyond the pool. That's where the tide will carry them."

The heavens opened and illumined the sea again.

Yes, there was the ship drifting, drifting fast on to the rocks beneath the cliff.

"Look alive, all of you," cried Paul; "there's no time to lose."

The men had coiled the ropes in readiness, and now they began to run toward the point, as fast as they could in the teeth of the terrible gale.

They strained their eyes as they ran, to see into the cruel darkness.

But the sky had closed again and all was hidden. There was only the noise of the sea and the storm.

They reached the point, but still there was no light.

They could do nothing but listen—listen and wait.

Five minutes passed—five minutes that seemed an eternity.

Then they heard a fresh sound.

There, beneath the cliffs, the wind held its breath at intervals, and above the sound of its sighing they could hear the cry of human voices through the night, and knew that the vessel must be upon the rocks.

Its doom was at hand.

But still they could see nothing, and must needs wait still before they could do anything to help.

This time, however, it was not for long.

With the next gust of wind came a terrible, mysterious sound as of cracking timber, then a cry, sharp and agonizing, as though made up of a hundred lesser cries mingled in one. The lightning flashed forth again as though glorying in the disaster that it had wrought, and beneath its white glare the men saw that the vessel had crashed upon the rocks, and that her crew were clinging to the masts and bulwarks, wildly striving to save themselves from the waves.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

EDGAR K. APGAR.

PROBABLY no man of his years has exerted so much influence, or an influence so salutary in its effects, upon the Democratic party of New York, in recent times, as EDGAR K. APGAR, who died at Albany on the 18th inst. His counsel and his energetic personal efforts had much to do with the reform tendencies of the party in the last few years. MR. APGAR was less than forty-three years of age, having been born at Ithaca December 19, 1842. His early education was obtained in the schools of his native town, and he went from the Ithaca Academy to Yale College, where he did not complete the regular course. On leaving the college he entered the office of JOHN T. HOFFMAN, in New York city, as a student of law, and when MR. HOFFMAN became Governor, in 1869, he made the young law student his Pardon Clerk. From that time he took such an interest in politics and made such a study of public affairs that his advice became valuable to the leaders of his party. On the expiration of Governor HOFFMAN'S term MR. APGAR accepted the position of editor of the *Daily Press* at Worcester, Massachusetts, but the work and surroundings were not altogether to his taste, and in a few months he gave it up to take the appointment of Deputy State Treasurer at Albany, under Treasurer THOMAS RAINES. On the accession of SAMUEL J. TILDEN to the office of Governor, at the beginning of 1876, he became Deputy Secretary of State, under MR. JOHN BIGELOW. He had at that time been for two years a member of the Democratic State Committee, and his ability and shrewd judgment had been recognized by MR. TILDEN and MR. MANNING, both of whom valued his political advice very highly. MR. APGAR continued on the State Committee for eight years, during a part of the time acting as its secretary.

He was an admirer and hearty supporter of MR. TILDEN, and an ardent believer in the policy of reform in the Democratic party as the source of its strength and its hopes. He sought no advancement for himself, which at once made his vision clearer and his advice more valued, and his influence in the interior councils of the party was very great. In 1878 MR. APGAR was appointed under an act of the Legislature to examine and report upon the management of the asylums and charitable institutions of the State. His report, submitted the next year, was recognized as a thorough and valuable presentation of the facts bearing upon that important subject. In 1880, though the Republican State ticket was generally successful, MR. MAXWELL, the Democratic candidate for Treasurer, was elected, and he made APGAR his deputy—a position whose duties he was familiar with from previous experiences. He continued to hold that place until the time of his death. MR. APGAR was one of the first to recognize the elements of strength in MR. CLEVELAND'S character, and the advantage to be derived from his reform record as Mayor of Buffalo. Probably no man had much more to do with securing MR. CLEVELAND'S nomination for Governor, APGAR'S speech in the Convention of 1882 clearly setting forth his availability as it had not been generally perceived before. He had the full confidence of the new Governor, and while working for his nomination for the Presidency did not fail to sustain his independent course. MR. APGAR was of small stature and slight build, and suffered much from indigestion. Out of this malady and his nervous tension sprung the disease by which he was prostrated for some weeks last winter, and the return of which produced his death from embolism of the brain and atrophy of the liver. The Democratic State Convention was in session when he died, and formally recognized by resolution his high character and ability, and his great service to the party as a sagacious and disinterested adviser.

THE JAM AT THE BRIDGE ENTRANCE.

THE place where Nassau Street, Chatham Street, Centre Street, and Park Row converge has been, ever since New York became a busy city, one of the most densely crowded spots in its limits. Street cars and vehicles from four directions, and pedestrians from eight sidewalks and from the City Hall Park, come together in confusion. The place was thus uncomfortably crowded before the elevated road was built. Then the terminus of its City Hall branch added other pedestrians to the throng that was already large, and at the same time added to the obstructions in the street. Then, when the New York and Brooklyn Bridge was finished, the New York end of which is on Chatham Street at this already crowded point, the bridge carriageways also entered the street at its crowded point, and the constant stream of people from the promenade and the bridge cars augmented the crowd that was already uncomfortably large. Now, with a dozen lines of street cars from four streets, with four streams of other vehicles, besides those that come from the bridge, and with the pedestrians that would naturally come together there, added to the crowds brought and carried by the elevated road and the bridge cars, Chatham Street at the bridge entrance is for four or five hours every day the most densely crowded place on the continent.

Of all places in the city it ought to be freest of obstructions; yet of all places it has become, perhaps, the most obstructed. The pillars and steps of the elevated road stand just where the crowds must pass; and street venders of fruits and papers take up room with their stands that would afford some relief to the throng. But the possibilities of obstruction were not exhausted until the recent connection of the bridge with the elevated road caused the planting of large pillars on the sidewalk in front of the entrance to the bridge. Just where the most people must pass, therefore, it has happened that there are the most hinderances to easy passing. Here the Bowery empties itself down-town; here the multitude from Brooklyn pours itself out of or rushes into the bridge; here the up-town throng that has business or pleasure in the busy area about the City Hall comes down from the elevated cars or goes up to them. Every class of society and every kind of vehicle meet. The drivers are always delayed, and the sea of pedestrians flows in eddies, some going in each direction around the pillars and peddlers' stands, and such a noble thoroughfare never had so unworthy or so inconvenient an approach.

A NIGHT ON A MONTANA STAGE-COACH.

SLOWLY, painfully, our four horses toil up the steep ascent, digging their hoofs into the yielding earth, and tugging at the stout leather traces as they drag the heavy coach behind them, the wheels now sinking into the deep ruts, now bumping over the loose stones, jolting the breath almost out of our lungs as we swing from side to side up on our elevated seat by the driver. Far below us, as we look back, lies the prairie, darkening under the coming shades of evening, the little creek at the foot of the hills a line of dull silver cutting through the sombre plains around it, while, twinkling through the gathering gloom and casting a thin line of reflected light down into the water, the lamp in the window of the ranch where we supped an hour ago seems to beckon us back from the bleak mountain-side and the approaching storm to the warm and hospitable shelter of the lonely little inn. All around the horizon drifting clouds, piled one on the other, rise high toward the zenith, while the fitful flash of the lightning and the growl of the distant thunder portend the coming battle of the elements. Lighter only than the black masses of the treeless hills, lifting their weird, fantastic tops away up above us in our front, is the great inky cloud coming steadily, noiselessly up in the heavens, like some evil spirit of night, stretching its gigantic wings from horizon to horizon, and enveloping the earth in the shadows of its gloom.

"We're goin' to catch it, sure! Jest hold on to them lines while I light the side lamps;" and passing the reins into our hands, the driver clambers down from his perch, and scraping a match on the tire of the wheel, the bright flare of the lantern soon bursts out. "Hold them horses well in hand, pardner. Jest hold on till I get on my oil-skin. Y'd better git into your'n too; it's goin' to be wet to-night. How air you fellers gittin' on inside?" as one or two curious heads are protruded from the flapping leather curtains on the body of the coach. "So! let's have them reins. Whiskey? Thanks! that's good stuff. Pull that thar apron well up on you, and set on the tail o' your oil-skin. Keep the seat dry, an' y're all right. Now, then, let me come! G'dap, Baby! so, Dick! 'Tain't no use monkey-in' round here no longer. G'dap!" and with a crack of the whip, deftly touching up the leaders, our good-natured and garrulous Jehu urges the horses on again, forward into the now almost impenetrable gloom of the night.

Higher and still higher rises the awful cloud in our front; slowly we climb upward and still upward, the only sounds the steady tramp, tramp, of the horses' feet, their labored breathing, the creaking and groaning of the coach; even our driver is silent as he handles his long reins with careful fingers, alert and watchful of his horses, ready for the burst of the storm, which he knows is sure to come.

Then, with a low, sobbing, moaning sound, the breeze strikes our cheeks, a blinding, long-continued, zigzagging flash of white fire seems to rend the blackness of the night in twain, every strange, turret-shaped rock, every bunch of sage-brush and cactus plant, the bare hill-sides, stand out against the inky sky, as distinctly visible for an instant as in the brightest sunlight. Crash upon crash peals the thunder, dreadfully, awfully near. Down with a roar and mighty rush comes the rain, making us bow down our heads before it, while the startled horses plunge and rear, and then stand stock-still, trembling all over and snorting in their fright. But with strong and practiced hand and soothing voice the driver calms their terror, and we move on again, seemingly blindly forward through the storm. For a long time it seems to us, as we sit out there exposed to all the fury of the tempest, do the elements rage with unabated vigor, but gradually the worst of it passes over, the lightning flashes weaker and weaker behind us, the thunder mutters in the gorges, and the rain, never ceasing, pours down more gently and steadily, as we reach the summit of the "divide," and stop there a moment to breathe our almost exhausted horses. The night, although still dark, is lighter by contrast, and now we can distinguish objects by the light of our lamps, which have continued to burn steadily throughout. As we roll down the sides of the mountain, the hind-wheels dragging through the mud under pressure of the brake, our horses' feet splashing in regular cadence through the wet, we come upon a freighter's camp, the huge, canvas-covered wagons looming up like phantom "ships of the plains." Bump! bump! snap!

"Blessed ef I 'ain't run over some of their dod-rotted harness! The rain has washed the trail, so I can't make out w'ether I'm on it or not. Wa'al, thar'll be some tall sw'arin' done round that outfit in the mornin', w'en them fellers gits up. The blanked fules! What for do they want to camp so near the road? Ha! ha! won't thar be a circus? You betchersweetlife thar will, an' I'm glad I won't be thar. Easy, Baby, easy now, old gel!"

Rain! rain! rain! Is that a light away down there below us? Splash, splash, down the mountain-side, out on the plain once more, with a dip of the coach that nearly throws us off our seat, and a crunching of timber as we cross a little ditch over which a few saplings have been laid. "Dern-ed near missed that crossing! That light? Yes, that's the station. We'll change horses thar." And a few minutes later we pull up before a little bunch of buildings, consisting of a log hut or two, a "corral," and a stable, from the door of which, casting a feeble glare over the wet ruts and pools of water in the road in front of it, the light of a lamp streams out. It does not take long to change the horses, and bidding good-night to the sleepy hostler standing, lantern in hand, at the stable door, we are soon splashing along over the wet prairie again, the driver whistling melodiously, singing snatches of song to himself, and talking to his horses. He is a happy, sunny-tempered fellow, this rough Jehu of the West, a veritable Mark Tapley of stage-drivers, "coming out strong" under difficulties, and with an apparently inexhaustible fund of anecdote, yarns, odd expressions, and good-humor. We have, we flatter ourselves, evidently met with his approval, for he is good enough to inform us that we have no "blank-ed tenderfoot ways about us, like some o' them Eastern fellers that have been raised with lots of servants about them, and think God Almighty's sun only shines for them. Dignity will do very well in the East," he supposes, "but ther' ain't no room for it here. A man's got to rustle here, youbetcherlife." And "rustle"—*i. e.*, work hard and look out for one's self—one has to, or run the chances of "getting left," as our friend the driver would put it in his forcible if not very elegant phraseology.

"They tell me they've caught the boys that stopped the stage in the Prickly Pear cañon along back a month or so ago. Did ye hear anything about it in Heleny? Got two or three of 'em, did they? Wa'al, that's good. Was I ever stopped? Wa'al, yes, I was once; not in this kentry, but w'en I was drivin' stage over in Arizony. Hold up my hands? Youbetcherlife I did. See here, pardner; w'en y're lookin' right into the face of eternity through a double-barrelled shot-gun you *can't* hold y'r hands up *too* high. If them fellers gits the drop on you—an' it's their business to do so—they kin pull a trigger a terrible sight quicker'n you kin git y'r shooter out. I did hear tell once of a man, a trader over Missoula way, who stood a band of them fellers off with his shooter, an' blamed ef he didn't do it, too; but that man was one in a thousand. Y're jest joggin' along comfortably, same as we're doin' now, w'en y'r leaders stop suddenly, y'r team gits all tangled up, an' out o' the darkness you see a gun-barrel comin' up, p'intin' the muzzle straight at you, an' some one says, 'Throw up y'r hands!' Wot 're you goin' to do? That was about the way of it w'en they stopped me. They'd drawed a rope across the trail right about shoulder high to the horses, an' w'en the leaders run agin it in the dark the whole derned outfit got tangled up. They was so quick with their rifles they had us jest whar they wanted us, an' ther' wasn't nothin' else to do *but* to hold up our hands. Some o' the passengers cussed an' swore 'round, but it didn't do them no good, only made the boys use 'em more rough than they did the quiet ones. Me? Oh no! they never tech the driver—they didn't take nothin' from me. An' they was quite polite to one feller, an army chap.

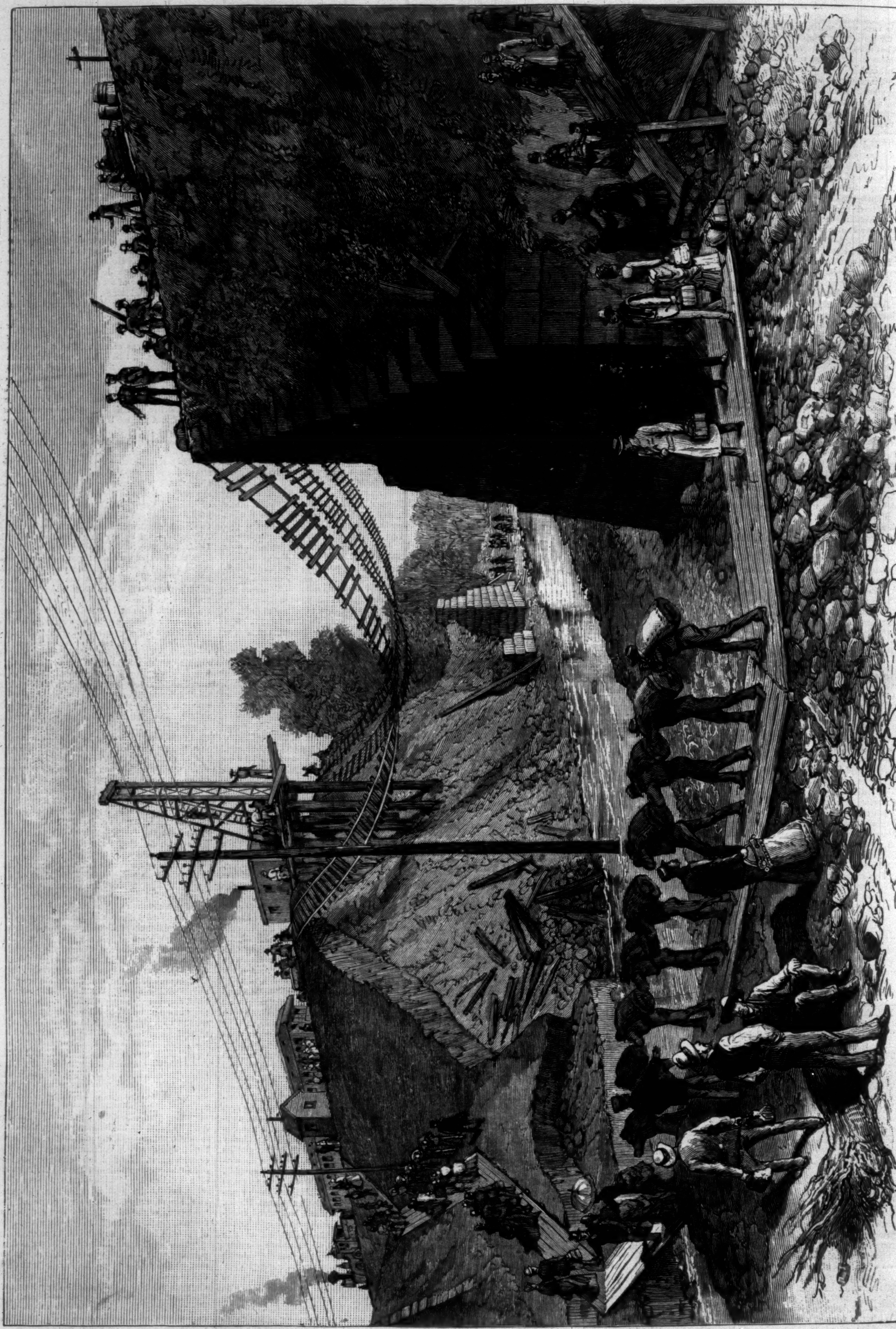
"He was so quiet about it, an' he says: 'Look here; you men has got the reppitation of doin' this thing decent. Now I don't want none o' you to tech me. I'll *give* you all the money I've got, but I don't want to be sarched.' Wa'al, he was so derned cool about it that blanked ef they didn't do as he said, called him sir, and was quite polite to him. W'en they got the money-box an' the mail an' all the passengers' money an' arms an' joolry—watches an' such—they jest skinned out as quiet as they come. G'dap, Baby!"

The rain had ceased, and the clouds are gradually breaking away. We are rolling over the level prairie smoothly enough now. It is cooler, too, and we pull our overcoats more tightly around us, and tuck our blankets in closer. Jog! jog! tramp! tramp! How drowsy this makes us, and how monotonous is the endless "Grandfather's Clock" the driver is humming to himself! Wonder what they are all doing at home? Sound asleep at this hour, at any rate. Wonder what they would say if they could see us now, when we ought to—be in our—beds—comfortably tucked—in—and—dreaming—instead of—

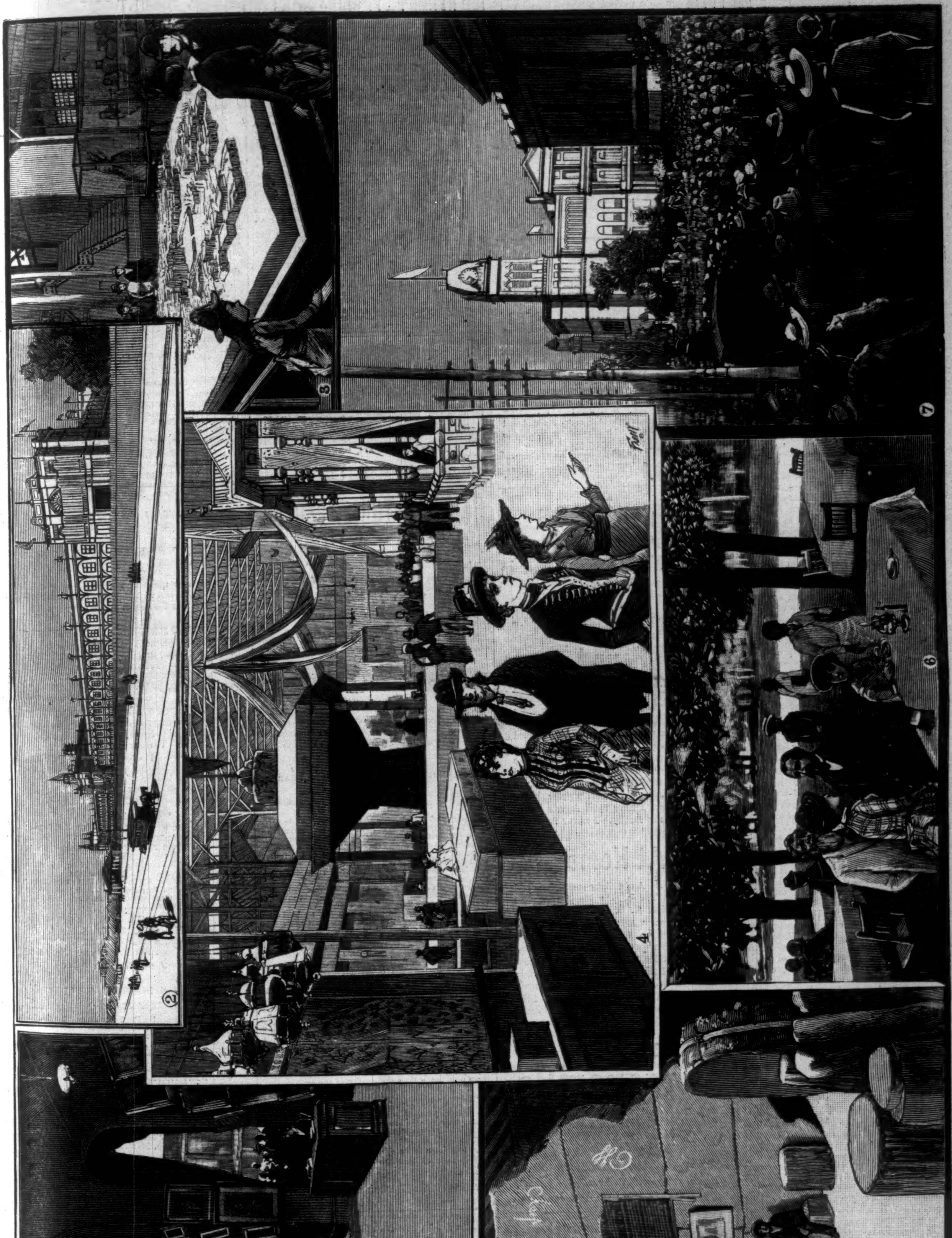
"Guess y've been asleep, pardner." The gray dawn is breaking in the eastern sky, the clouds in scattered masses are drifting slowly away, brown and cheerless stretches the prairie on every side of us. B-r-r-r! how chilly we are! and our limbs are as stiff as stiff can be. The cattle all around us are just beginning to move about; some, indeed, are still lying in the soft grass. The far-off, angry, screaming bellow of some "monarch of the herd" strikes our ears, and the fragrant scent of the sage-brush, wet with the rain of the still lingering night, rises to our nostrils.

"Thar's the breakfast house," says the driver, pointing with his whip to a low, white-washed, mud-roofed ranch, over on the horizon, from the low chimney of which, rising straight up into the clear air, rolls the blue smoke of the early fire, and in the "best" room of which we are soon seated, after a "wash" in a tin basin and a "rough dry" on a coarse hand-towel, at the plain but substantial frontier breakfast which our hospitable host places before us.

RUFUS F. ZOGBAUM.



A "WASH-OUT" ON THE NEW YORK CENTRAL RAILROAD.—Drawn by A. Berghaus.—[See Page 574.]



THE SOUTHERN EXHIBITION AT LOUISVILLE.—Drawn by H. F. Farny.—[See Page 567.]

1. Art Gallery. 2. General View of the Buildings. 3. The Zuñi Model in the Exhibit of the Geological Survey. 4. Interior of Central Nave. 5. Sections of Big Trees of California. 6. In the Pavilion. 7. Street Procession at the Opening.

THE TRIAL YACHT RACES.

The trial races between the *Puritan* and the *Priscilla* have excited an interest extending far beyond "yachting circles." This interest is due to the prospect that the winner will be chosen to race the *Genesta* for what is really the championship of the world, since certainly no other nation could contest the trophy with any chance of success. Merely as yachting events the races have been of the first importance. It had already been shown that both of the big sloops were surprisingly fast, and "as good as they ought to be" for their great size, and it had been left uncertain which of them as an "all-round boat," under all conditions of weather, was the faster.

The *Priscilla* is an iron boat designed by A. Cary Smith, of New York, and built by the Harlan & Hollingsworth company, of Wilmington, Delaware. She is 85 feet long on the water-line, 22 feet 5 inches wide, and 7 feet 9 inches deep. The *Puritan*, a view of which under sail was given in Harper's Weekly for July 18, was designed by Burgess Brothers, of Boston, and built by George Lawley & Son, of South Boston. She is 80 feet long on the water-line, 23 feet beam, and 8 feet 2 inches deep. Though thus larger in two dimensions than the *Priscilla*, the latter is the larger boat under the New York Club system of measurement, and allows the *Puritan* one minute ten seconds over the New York Club course, not far from forty miles.

In preparation for the races the two new sloops were last week put in dry-docks in the East River, and their hulls scraped, painted, and pot-leaded to the utmost possible degree of smoothness. It was then that the photographs were taken from which the illustrations on page 565 were engraved.

THE HOFFMAN'S FERRY WASH-OUT.

The most disastrous wash-out that ever befell the New York Central Railroad occurred at Hoffman's Ferry, about seven miles west of Schenectady, on Wednesday, the 12th instant. At that place a small stream, known as Walton's Creek, ordinarily very shallow, comes down from the hills, and passing under the railroad in company with a country road, falls into the Mohawk River a short distance below. About 4.30 in the afternoon of the day mentioned two dense clouds were observed approaching each other from the north and south. They seemed to come together and recoil, and then, with a terrific burst of thunder, they blended together, and the water, accompanied by furious blasts of wind, was precipitated upon the hills above the railroad track in volumes which in a few moments swelled the brook to a raging torrent. It tore up the earth, twisted trees up by the roots, and rolled bowlders of considerable size along in its course toward the massive culvert by which the railroad crossed its bed nearly fifty feet above the usual level of the stream. The water, carrying a vast mass of débris, rushed through the two arches of the culvert, which were soon choked up with the trunks of trees, rocks, and gravel. The stream rose against this barrier nearly to the level of the tracks, and strained with all its gigantic force against the masonry on which lay the four tracks of the Central road, and over which a west-bound freight train was just then passing. In a few minutes the large blocks of stone of which the arches of the culvert were formed began to part, and soon the huge mass was toppled over and swept upon the level meadows beyond.

The railroad was here laid on a high embankment, and a yawning gap 120 feet wide was torn through this, and the tracks, held together by their fastenings, hung suspended over it like an inverted arch. Such was the force of the torrent that blocks of stone weighing several tons were carried hundreds of yards, and trunks of large trees, stripped of their bark, and with their roots twisted off, were scattered over the level ground between the railroad and the river. Many acres of valuable meadow-land above and below the railroad were buried under several feet of débris, including logs, brush-wood, bowlders, cobble-stones, and gravel.

The storm lasted but a few minutes, but the damage done was reckoned at hundreds of thousands of dollars. For two or three days passengers had to be transferred across the gully on temporary plank walks in order to take trains intercepted on either side, but freight trains remained blocked for several days.

This culvert was one of the most solid and substantial structures of its kind, and was regarded as entirely safe. The company began at once the work of replacing it, using for the time being heavy timbers, with which a wooden trestle was constructed to sustain the railroad tracks.

The farmers of Glenville could not so readily repair the damage done to them by the extraordinary violence of the storm. Their crops were destroyed over many acres, and the valuable meadow-lands of the Mohawk Valley, said to be worth $200 an acre, were for some distance buried under a layer of rubbish and gravel which rendered them worthless. The track of the storm was about five miles long and two to three miles wide, and its duration was less than half an hour. Our illustration represents the scene of the ruined culvert after the water had subsided, which it did very rapidly after the storm had ceased.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE

FOR LEMONS OR LIME JUICE,

Is a superior substitute, and its use is positively beneficial to health.—[*Adv.*]

RUPTURE, BREACH, OR HERNIA

Permanently cured or no pay. The worst cases *guaranteed!* Pamphlet and references, two three-cents stamps. World's Dispensary Medical Association, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.—[*Adv.*]

Cholera, Diphtheria, Fevers, Malaria prevented by the use of Reed & Carnrick's Sodium Hypochlorite (Disinfectant). Recommended by the Public Health Association as superior to all other disinfectants and germicides. Sold everywhere. Send for Pamphlet. 182 Fulton Street, New York.—[*Adv.*]

WARNING!

How many people ruin their stomachs by swallowing cold drinks on a hot summer day, when they could avoid all danger by adding ten drops of Angostura Bitters, besides imparting a delicious flavor to their summer beverages.—[*Adv.*]

DANDRUFF

Is removed by the use of Cocoaine, and it stimulates and promotes the growth of the hair. Burnett's Flavoring Extracts are the best.—[*Adv.*]

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.

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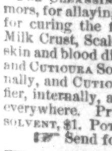

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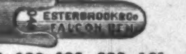

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